1038

THE

HERMIT IN LONDON.

VOL. IV.

THE

HERMIT IN LONDON;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH MANNERS.

VOL. IV.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses usages.

BOILEAU.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE

HERMIT IN LONDON.

N°. LXVI.

LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

"Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face.
Some are good and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone."

COLMAN.

LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

A LOVE of building has been reckoned by some persons, as ruinous a passion as a love of gaming; yet there can scarcely be inclinations of a more opposite description, at least, as far as the principles of each are concerned. It is the province of one to create, of the other to destroy. One bids magnificent edifices rise "like exhalations" from the earth, to delight the eye with the beauty of their proportions, and the mind with anticipations of the commercial, the charitable, or the hospitable purposes for which they may be intended. The other fells venerable trees to the ground, and robs the face of the country of its greatest ornament,

in depriving it of the thick and varied foliage which at once affords shelter to the birds, and shade to the cattle and the traveller; whilst the hearts of those who have associated the remembrance of the spreading branches with every recollection of their youth, are made sad by seeing them laid prostrate at the command of a dupe, to reward the stratagems of a knave. He who builds confers a benefit on posterity. He who games too often affronts the memories of those who have preceded him, by gradually parting with all that they had delighted themselves in amassing for his enjoyment. He who builds, however ruinous the pursuit may be to himself in the end, employs hundreds of industrious persons in the course of it; and at least leaves a memento behind him, that his fortune was not exhausted by low or vicious pursuits. He who games, on the contrary, at every throw of the dice injures the innocent and the helpless; and when he finds himself and those who may unhappily be connected with him reduced to beggary, through his wretched infatuation, he cannot

even ascertain who has gained the property which he knows only that he has lost, and lost for ever. I need not, however, undertake the defence of building, for any partiality I entertain towards it myself; on the contrary, the aversion I have for it, in all its branches, even its minor departments of "repairing and beautifying," as the Church-wardens term it, is such as to have lately reduced me to the necessity of looking for lodgings, until sundry operations should be performed in my own habitation, which I have deferred so long, that I began to be afraid of literally fulfilling the proverb of "pulling an old house about my ears." To remain under the same roof with a host of bricklayers, plasterers, white-washers, painters, paper-hangers, plumbers, glaziers, carpenters, smiths, and all the rest of the numerous tribe which modern refinements render necessary personages in the constructing or repairing of a dwelling, would be disagreeable to most men; to a hermit, like myself, impossible.—I had only, therefore, to chuse between two evils—to go to

an hotel, or to take a furnished lodging. "At an hotel one has perfect liberty," said I to myself—"aye and great comfort too—but then it is comfort that must be paid for—and enormously; one has not the liberty of keeping one's purse in one's pocket—and every time the waiter calls out so briskly, "coming, Sir," he reminds me that my money is going. Shenstone has described the pleasure of being at an inn, but he says not a word of the disagreeables attendant on leaving it—therefore as I cannot expect to share in one without a due proportion of the other, I must content myself with the more moderate accommodation of ready furnished lodgings. But how many *pros* and *cons* are to be considered, in entering upon this kind of uncertain home! The situation; the air; the neighbourhood; the outside of the house; the inside; the furniture; the landlady, generally a weighty consideration; and last, though seldom least, the terms. Innumerable are the fears and doubts on taking a lodging. Does the house smoke? Never, but for the first time. Is the family quiet

and orderly? Are there fellow lodgers in this modern ark? (for a man on ship-board and in a lodging house are alike, in being fixed, for a part of their short passage through life, with companions.) What sort of a woman is the landlady likely to be? If boisterous, a man wishes to endure the gale as short a time as possible: if talkative, she is the bore of his studies and reflections. Yet there is a degree of humanity as well as complaisance in enduring garrulity, when it has kindness or attention for its main object. Is she curious (she generally is)? that becomes troublesome always, and sometimes dangerous. Is she handsome? Still more dangerous. Very ugly? That's disgusting. A large family? Very hostile to a thinking man. A scold? One must move in a week. Has she a drunken husband? or does she herself, in the decline of life, discover that Cupid is a treacherous and mischievous urchin, and therefore turn to Bacchus for support or consolation? Is she over religious, so as to sing psalms aloud? If so, she probably is a hypocrite. But the queries are

endless. And now, conceive that I am knocking at the door. "Lodgings to let" appears in a clerk-like hand. *Tant pis!* a fellow of the law perhaps! one who charges legally for every thing: a broken down attorney. But the door opened. There was also a bell. "Well," said I to myself, "if this 'knock and ring' announce an office, I perch not here; or if this is 'Miss Winter's bell,' I will have nothing to do with the concern; and if it be a dancing master's, a tooth-drawer's, an accoucheur's, or a musician's bell, I must also shift my birth, else may I be fiddled, diddled, drummed, trumpeted or disturbed out of my wits."

But now to my landlady. She was a plump woman with a fine healthy complexion. Not a votary of Bacchus, thought I, from this clear tint. She had in her countenance nothing sharp, which always augurs ill. A man may then expect to be fleeced, directly or indirectly; directly by an exorbitant price, or indirectly by the never-ending outlay for necessary trifles, most of which he neither wants nor are they gotten for him. Neither

had she a saucy cocked-up nose: for this a man always pays through the nose, either in money or comfort; and may expect a volley of sharp shot in the way of reproach, if he submit not to the lady's humour, be it what it will. She had a warm smile, a sun-bright eye, and something of benevolence, which made all bargaining impossible.

After mildly showing the apartments, she asked me those unwelcome questions—"are you a married gentleman, or single? a family or not? an establishment, or are you to be *done for?*" Now all these are disagreeable queries, because they often remind a man of what he fain would forget; namely, of his misfortune if he be single, and perhaps of his wife, if he be in the holy banns of wedlock, but separated by fate, by misconduct, or by narrowed circumstances; and the having an establishment or not, is another question of uncomfortable tendency: for it may either remind a man of heavy charges and tradesmen's lengthened bills, or cost him a blush for his want of fortune; and lastly, the being *done for* has such an equivocal sound,

that it might puzzle a conjuror to solve the meaning in a moment.

In answer to these kind inquiries, I stated my solitary lot in the world, and begged to ask, in return, if the good lady was married herself? since she came to that. Whether I might expect matrimonial concerts of vocal performance? and whether she could afford me the attendance which I required? She smiled at these counter-questions: which proved that she was not an unmarried person; because she then would have thought it necessary to blush, or to hang down her head, or to look archly, or to play with the ring finger. Neither was she a widow: for then *bon gré* or *malgré*, she would have sighed, and looked as interesting as she could. Nor had she a bad husband: else would she have looked grave, and probably have begun a chapter of grievances. She replied, that she was married, that she had a small family, and that her husband was struggling with the world, and opposing industry to hard times. I immediately felt an interest in their mutual welfare, and paid

with tenfold pleasure the stipulated price of my apartments.

'A man may proudly enter an inn, command about him, treat all with indifference, from mine host, or fat hostess, down to the flippant waiter and John the ostler. He may be so absent or self-important, as not to know the man of the house from boots, or boots from the bull dog: but in a lodging, it is otherwise. The objects are fewer; they are more immediately proximate; they assume a more important form. The rattling of the fresh post-horses, the mail horn, or Dolly the chamber-maid, does not perpetually ring in your ears, so as to make you wish to be off, giving you at the same time an inimical feeling towards the maker-out of the bill. There one *coup de chapeau* at parting does for host, hostess, family, and all the tribe of charges; but in a lodging, you may have to pass your landlady daily on the stairs, and bows and inclinations of courtesey may be exchanged very frequently in the course of each week between you; so that a man must be void of all sen-

sibility, if he be wholly uninterested about the family in which he lodges.

The common race of lodging-letters, it is true, are guided by self-interest, and are callous to delicacy and scrupulous feeling towards their lodger: but yet there are many exceptions to the rule. How many widows of clergymen, of officers of the army and navy—how many reduced gentlewomen are forced to let lodgings? How many half-provided-for females, or unmerited unfortunates, derive benefit from this resource? How many wives of men of talent and genius, struggling to establish the fame they well deserve, cheerfully endeavour to assist their husbands by this means, during the season of obscurity and hardship? Such characters know how to act towards the inmate of their roof; can feel for his wants, take an interest in his welfare, and respect his situation whether retired, studious, sick or solitary. Can a true gentleman, then, be too delicate towards such as these, too correct in payment, too nice in blending good breeding with his conduct in every respect?

The man who makes an inn of the humble roof of genteel poverty, is an ignorant ruffian. Nay, indeed, I could never enter an inn without a feeling of interest for my fellow-men there; and if good treatment and fair charges accompanied my fare, I considered that I owed a subordinate debt of gratitude to the landlord, for the remote species of hospitality named civil and kindly accommodation.

A fellow traveller once asked a surly cynic, whether he did not observe that the innkeeper at whose house they had rested had a remarkably open countenance? The latter replied, that he observed nothing open in the house, except an open door and open hands. One who could thus close his heart and his accounts with his fellow-creatures, should travel through life alone. To the child of sensibility there is no class, no situation, no abode, which excludes the movements of the heart, which forbids kindly intercourse, or prevents his sympathies from coming into action, whether in a lodging, an inn, a stage-coach, or a passage-boat: for the journey is

always that of life; man is our companion, humanity the first and the most pleasurable duty. I, at least, may eulogize such feelings; for it is owing to them that though some might deem me solitary in the world, I have never yet found myself alone—although I style myself the

HERMIT IN LONDON.

N°. LXVII.

NEW INMATES.

"——With what haste they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone!"

YOUNG.

NEW INMATES.

THERE is something mighty pleasant in conjecture—certainties are so dull—one has in fact so much of real life in life, that one catches at the appearance of any thing like romance—every thing unexpected seems like something gained.—Perhaps it might be owing to this propensity in human nature to speculate upon the future, that for the first few days that I was settled in my new lodgings, I found quite sufficient occupation, in imagining or guessing the characters of those who were sojourning under the same roof with me. I soon found out my inmates—they consisted of a young buck just arrived in town; a gentleman, his wife and

child; and an old bachelor, who had sold his house and furniture a little time before, and got into these ready furnished lodgings; we soon became acquainted, just as far as the usual urbanities of society go, but no further.

At first the house was tolerably quiet, my fellow-lodgers being all regular enough; but the scene soon changed.

When my young gentleman from the country first came, he had a travelling carriage, and a couple of bony hunters, as saddle horses, with one servant, who acted as groom and body-servant. He had no carriage horses, but made use of a hackney coach, or a chair, to go out to dinner or evening parties.—He generally returned about twelve, and was as quiet as any young man could be.

Soon after his arrival, however, I overheard a companion of his rally him for his want of taste, and find fault with his wardrobe and his whole establishment. He told him that he must employ either Weston, Allen or Stultz as his tailor, and Hoby or Mac

Laughlin for his boot-maker; that he must adopt the Cumberland corset, and the Brumel tie; that he must sell his hunters, and purchase thorough-bred horses, at the sale of some ruined man of title; go to the Acre and procure a town carriage; have a valet de chambre, and belong to two or three of the best clubs in town.

The youth failed not to obey the directions of his friend.—The ensuing night, or rather morning, he was brought home dead drunk. The following one he came out of the watch-house at breakfast time; and in the course of six weeks his room was a continual scene of riot, from noisy companions, pugilists, duns, and divers other nuisances.

My young married couple appeared a pattern to all in the conjugal state. They were always either walking out together, or reading in the afternoon, and appeared to divide their time and affections betwixt each other and a beautiful infant, their mutual pledge of love and truth.

One morning, however, the husband came home about three o'clock, and I overheard

the sobs and tears of his wife, who had been waiting supper for him from ten o'clock—the usual hour of his return, when (which seldom occurred) he dined with his uncle, an old bachelor in the city, or went to read any particular news out of the evening papers, at the coffee-house. She flew to embrace him, half agitated and half reproachful; but I heard him jingle some money on the table, and her sorrow seemed changed to joy.

The ensuing morning he returned at four—she chid him gently: to which he replied, by a stern command never to interfere with his amusements again, as he was the best judge of what was proper for himself. She asked pardon in the sweetest tone of voice; and I heard and envied a tender salute, and peace-making, and distinguished their footsteps to their bed-chamber, where she shewed him the sleeping babe, which they both kissed most warmly.

The third night he passed from home, returning at two o'clock, sullen and silent. She interrogated him about something, which I could not make out, and to which he made

no answer, but taking his candle, he went silently to bed. She remained long after him, alone; and I clearly overheard her sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next day he kept his bed, and sallied out only after dark, returning furious at three o'clock in the morning. I found she saw the temper of his mind, and endeavoured to appease him; but he threw her from his arms, swearing that he was undone, and never wished to see her or any one else again. She entreated him to sup, instead of which he broke every thing on the table, and striking his head against the wall, talked of suicide and despair, and frightened the poor trembler into fits. Recovered from this deplorable state, she entreated him to compose himself, and to retire to rest. "Never!" exclaimed he: "I'll sleep on the bare boards, and shortly we shall neither have house nor shelter."—Here she proposed shewing him the child. He was about to curse his offspring: so does one vile passion brutalize mankind; but nature recoiled at the thought; the idea unmanned him, and bursting into

tears, he cried, "The child, my Maria, is a reproach to me; I dare not look on it."

"Here," said I to myself, "is hope: all is not lost." I saw that he had got into the society of gamblers, who had plundered him, and that nothing but flight would save him; for by this time not only his money, but his poor wife's trinkets, and even her clothes, had been milled, and had travelled to the gaming table.

The country gentleman was now laid up, and attended by a physician and two surgeons; and the old bachelor, who came to town on account of a law-suit, was nearly at his last guinea, and was beset by bailiffs day and night. A pretty house of it we were in! and a pretty time of it I had! To be inactive under such circumstances would, however, be to be wanting in humanity, so I set my wits to work in order to see what could be done for my fellow-lodgers.

"The squire," said I, "is only his own enemy; and if he recover from this malady, brought on by debauchery, I will advise him to shake off his drunken companions and

travel;" for which purpose I introduced myself to him, under pretence of inquiring after his health, and succeeded in my plan.

The litigant, fortunately for him, consulted me on his case, which promised to ruin both him and his opponent, and to make a harvest only for the lawyers. I advised him to settle his matter by arbitration, with which he complied; and after paying enormous law expences, he retired into Wales, upon a small annuity.

The case of the young couple was more desperate. There the ruin of three appeared inevitable. I begun my operations by the offer of twenty pounds as a loan, which I couched in the most humble and flattering terms, and added to it an invitation to dine with me, which the husband at first refused; but I pressed it again, and his wife added her solicitations to mine. He accordingly came, and I sympathized with him, pretending that I had often been in a similar predicament, and that nothing but flight and a solemn resolution never to play, could rescue him, a beloved wife and lovely infant from perdition.

He heard me very attentively ; and informed me that being a little behind hand, he had listened to the pernicious counsel of a ruined rake of an acquaintance, who told him that he made a very handsome income by play, and who took him to one of those scenes of plunder and infamy—the common gaming tables about town. Here he won forty guineas, on which corner-stone he weakly expected to build up the edifice of his fortune, since which he could not resist the temptation that play afforded, and he was now completely and irrevocably undone

I had heard him talk of a rich uncle in the city. I therefore took upon me to plead his cause in that quarter, and I succeeded so completely, that I prevailed upon him to send the young couple out to India, where they are doing well. A few weeks more might have proved fatal, and would, I think, have witnessed this unhappy man's translation to a prison, to a mad-house, or to the commission of some horrid act of desperation.

I therefore rejoiced in the chain of events that had conducted me to the same house with him, and as in all probability I might place it to the account of being a bachelor, and *par conséquence* the master of my actions, I felt very ready to acknowledge, in this instance, as in many others, that there was some advantage in being a

HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXVIII.

A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.

"One knows not what to call
A generation so equivocal."

A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.

THE independence of society in London is such, that a man may live for any period of time unknowing and unknown by his very next-door neighbour, nay by the inhabitant of the same house, or one lodged on the same floor in a bustling hotel.

The laborious business of fashion, the toil of doing nothing, the overwhelming tide of pleasure, leave not a vacant hour, a spare moment to indulge that insatiable curiosity which in a village, or in a small circle, feeds upon the reputation of a neighbour, and is nourished by minor events and the affairs of every one but self. These little emulations and inquiries are insipid to leaders

of *haut ton*, and vanish before subjects of more extended interest and scandal of a more serious nature. The mere groupe figures of the great picture are overlooked, and only the prominent foreground characters strike. Taking all these considerations into question, I was not surprised to find the country squire succeeded by a personage of whose habits or pursuits I could gain no information; nor, indeed, should I have endeavoured to do it, had not my proximity to my new neighbour, who was only separated from me by the wall of my bedroom, unavoidably forced upon my notice some circumstances so singular in themselves, yet so inconsistent with each other, that I was irresistibly impelled to endeavour to trace them to their source.

It struck me as very singular, after passing several days in the next room to me, that my new neighbour should never be visible in daylight, and I began to suspect that sickness was the cause of confinement. However, I was relieved from this apprehension, by hearing the servant sent for a

coach just as I was going to bed to take the lodger out to an evening party. At about four o'clock a. m. a foot tripped lightly and gently up stairs to bed, and by a hum given, and an effeminate voice addressed to the waiter, I had now no doubts as to the sex.

At three in the afternoon, as I returned from a turn in the park, I saw the chocolate go up for breakfast and I heard the invisible lady hold a long and scientific discourse with a laundress respecting plaiting, folding, ironing, stitching, starching and mending. A staymaker was next announced, and the lady (in a very low voice) talked of a padding in front, which somewhat damped my curiosity as to beholding her. The next order which I heard given was for some rouge and court plaster, for some Olympian dew, perfume and *huile antique*. I now perceived that the lady lisped, and I also heard her swear, but in so infantine a tone, that it scarcely seemed like swearing. A stay-lace however gave way, and she seemed in a great flutter; but

I had not time to stop any longer, and as I hate listeners, I even upbraided myself as to the curiosity which I had so far indulged, and accordingly went about my business.

Returning however to dinner, I had occasion to go up to my room, between eight and nine, when the invisible's door opened, and the perfume which issued from it struck me like approaching the Spice Islands at sea, or rather more like the taking of a civet cat. Good manners forbad me to open my door, although, I confess, that my curiosity to see this extraordinary character returned with increased force.

At five in the morning, Madame came in, singing a French air in a minor key; and I heard a man's voice in conversation with her, which gave me some uneasiness as to her morals.

She called for brandy in the morning before she rose, and had a basin of turtle soup at about three p. m.; dressing at seven for dinner, and going out when it was dark. This morning she had been visited by a

seamstress; and I heard something said about whalebone to a French corset-maker, which I could not exactly understand. She then received visits from an apothecary, a dentist, and a number of duns, and also took a lesson from a dancing-master. All this appeared very strange!

She dined this day in her room, and went to the opera at half past ten o'clock, returning as usual many hours after midnight, and being accompanied by a man whom she called Robert, and who was ordered to go for a new peruke the next day, and to bring a lot of novels from the circulating library. I could now scarcely doubt, but that the male companion was her *valet de chambre*, which I considered to be an improvement on our national manners, she had probably imported, in a trip from the continent.

The next day, however, I heard two female voices; one the laundress rather clamorous for her bill, and the other, as I presumed, her waiting maid. The invisible lady took physic the ensuing day, and never

left her apartment. But, on the following one, being disappointed by a habit-maker, the creature raised such a storm that I considered her little better than a *poissarde.* She swore, and cursed, and threw the furniture about so, that I deemed her quite a disgrace to her sex.

Curiosity now had reached its highest pitch with me; and, recollecting two titled ladies, famous charioteers, and one of them a determined fox-huntress into the bargain, who used to drink, game, swear and frequent the stable, I was determined to know at least whether this female reprobate had any quality to boast of, or whether her purse procured her that consideration, which her depraved manners, and dissolute conduct, must otherwise have deprived her of.

Seeing Robert bringing up a case-bottle of liquors, I took occasion to observe that I was sorry his lady was indisposed, and hoped that she would recover by the aid of this calming draught which was about to be administered. The fellow laughed immoderately and made no answer.

A short time afterwards, I heard Madame complain, with a great oath, that the fellow had laced her so tight that she could scarcely breathe. I had now strong suspicions that the invisible's intellect was deranged, and was thinking that a straight waistcoat might be more useful than the spring stays. "Confound the rascal!" cried the mysterious character at this instant, "these boots "would fit two such legs as mine; if the "boot-maker calls to-day I'll kick him "down stairs, upon my honor."

At this moment, I heard the repeater struck, and the invisible called for her quizzing glass and gold chain, signifying that she must go out directly. The opportunity was so favourable that I could not resist it; so, leaving my room door open, I posted myself exactly opposite, in order to enjoy a full view of this wonderful production. What was my astonishment at beholding a dandy at full length! indeed, in regard to appearance —— a being of very doubtful gender, laced up like a young lady! with a pair of pantaloons resembling a petticoat!

a crop like a pouting pigeon ! a painted face looking over a wall of starch and muslin ! a patch at the corner of the mouth ! its hair like the feathers of a Friesland hen, and a gold chain and glass dangling from a neck like a gander's !

This was the being whose condition and quality had puzzled me for so many days ! this was the invisible whom I had taken for a female for so long a time !

I was ready to exclaim " Oh ! flesh how " art thou fishified ! " for a queerer fish never was exhibited in any collection or menagerie, abroad or at home, or at least never was exhibited to the wondering eyes of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

N°. LXIX.

DISTINCTIONS IN DRESS.

" Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs,
" My Lord has vapours, and my Lady swears."

YOUNG.

DISTINCTIONS IN DRESS.

I HAVE been so utterly unable to get the figure of my next-room neighbour out of my head, ever since the view my curiosity induced me to take of him, that I trust my readers will excuse me if I indulge in a few of the reflections which the strange sights now passing under the denomination of fashionable figures are calculated to produce.

In all ages it has been asserted that the ambitious and unfeminine part of the fairer sex have, in their struggle for power, contended for the wearing of that article which formerly characterized the male costume; but it was reserved for the exquisite polish

of the present enlightened and refined age, to reverse this affair, by the men's trenching upon the petticoats, paints, stays, starched handkerchiefs, and pouting-pigeon bosoms of the females.

A dandy is now so bolstered up in collars, so lost in trowsers, so pinched-in in the middle, that he can neither have bowels of compassion, expansion of heart, enlargement of head, nor fair use of his limbs. To be near-sighted, and to have a glass fixed in the socket of the eye, is no longer a defect, but rather a perfection; and the wide walk from fixed spurs, resembling the stride of a felon in irons, is quite the go.

These walking hour-glasses, however, form a fine contrast to the masculine dames who drive curricles entrenched in great coats and capes, and who promenade our streets in kilts instead of petticoats, or case their ancles in Turkish trowsers, their heads representing either "kiss me if you can," by a penthouse of terrific projection; or, "kiss me if you dare," by an impudent exposure of a highly coloured cheek, and a proud im-

pudent air. These contrasts put one in mind of the worm and the peacock, the pigeon and the jackdaw.

Whilst the exterior proceeds in this direction of elegant perfection, the interior will be found in unison with the outward form. The female equestrian or charioteer can assume a masculine deportment, talk stable chat, swear and exhibit other valuable qualities; and the perfumed Dandy, or Exquisite, lisps, ogles, and drawls like a superannuated *belle* of other times. It would seem as if the going out of the walk of propriety in one class, quite justified the entering into contemptible contrast in the other. It would, however, be difficult to conceive this odious change of dress, if one did not daily meet the living representations of this modern metamorphosis.

No later than three weeks ago I was accosted by Lady Dashall, on horseback; her hair so secured under a little *gentlemanlike* plain round hat, that she appeared just as if she was prepared for execution under the guillotine. She rose in her stirrup, as she

trotted up to me, and displayed a pair of manly boots, and one spur. Her steed was extremely impatient, and her courage in managing him convinced me that whoever should attempt to manage her would find it a desperate job.

To her succeeded Mrs. Pullaway, driving a furious pair of blood horses. Having *taken the whip hand* of her *caro sposo*, in turning the corner of Conduit-street she got greatly out of temper with the off-horse, and the flush of her complexion, and fire-flash of her eye, showed what she could do *en cas de besoin.* If the town belie not this couple, "The grey mare is the better horse."

The Amazon and the charioteer had scarcely disappeared, when a young Merveilleux accosted me. He is the son of a plain honest citizen, though he smells like a civet cat, speaks like a young milliner, and is more affected than any stage representation or caricature. His money has associated him with rakes of fashion, from each of whom he has borrowed some peculiar piece of offensive affectation. His Cumberland corsets,

his Petersham trowsers, his Osbaldeston tie, his exquisite's crop, the strut of lord Lavender, the vacant stare of sir Lionel Ladybird, the drawl of his friend in the *Gardes*, the miscalling of things like Harry Goldfinch, the mental absence of his superannuated dandy friend the pride and hauteur of his prototype,—he is made up of borrowings from all the most effeminate and contemptible originals about town.

Soon after him came a figure in whalebone as thin as a lath, with pale blue unmeaning hazy eyes, painted, but pale and sickly in spite of the perfumer's bloom,—all hectic, cough, discontent, expense, delicacy and inutility, so laced up that he could not pick up his pocket handkerchief if it fell down, and so much in the cravat stocks that he could not look round without a quarter wheel.

Time was when it could be said of old England that her men were valiant and her women fair; but now her women are gallant and her men are fair,—fair, soft, and unmeaning. They appear as if they had

changed places, and were acting their ridiculous parts under the mask in time of carnival.

The want of judgment in this exchange needs no enlarging on; but it also loses the effect which the weak adopters of this *mauvais goût* expect it to produce. Admiration is the great end which the ladies propose to themselves. But whom do they wish to please? the opposite sex? In this they completely fail, for where is the man who would trust his domestic felicity to a female jockey or charioteer, to a lady fox-hunter? Even female philosophers, lady politicians, and those *great* women who are above all vulgar prejudice, and who exalt themselves above religion and old established rules, are complete antidotes to love. A man may reason with them, or talk gallantry to them; but he will not be rash enough either to trust them or to marry them; for the husband is badly off indeed whose wife can outrun him, out-reason him, and out-ride him, who can beat him at an oath, at an argument and at a bottle. Thus

is the main object of these gentlemanlike ladies entirely defeated; whilst the soft, sensible, and feminine part of their own sex will hold them in abhorrence.

On the other side of the question, the fairer sex will never give their admiration, and much less their confidence, their hand, and their hearts to the poor puny non-descript who lavishes so much time and admiration on his silly self, that he has none to spare for any other object.

Manhood and courage become the one sex: softness and sensibility are the fairest ornaments of the other. Man requires the solace and suavity of woman in his journey through life: dear woman looks for support, adherence, instruction and protection from man, in her uncertain and perilous path. Can the former be obtained from the female horse-jockey, or even from the flirting, waltzing, trowser-wearing ultra of female fashion? Can the latter be expected from the made up male doll, who, when wig, dyed whiskers, stiff cravat, padded breast, corset, paint, and perfume are taken away,

sinks into something worse than nothing in a moral and physical point of view, and puts one in mind of the ridiculous jackdaw divested of its borrowed plumage?

The answer to these questions is plain, and I hope that the indifference of our sex towards gentlemanlike ladies, and the contempt of the softer sex for ladylike gentlemen, will speedily bring back each to their proper sphere, and, introducing once more the good old English character, render them the ornaments of their own country, the envy and examples of foreign nations, and the subject of many a proud eulogium to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXX.

LADY REPULSE, LADY DEFIANCE,

AND

LADY ENDEAVOUR.

" The sex we honour, though their faults we blame."

YOUNG.

LADY REPULSE, LADY DEFIANCE, AND LADY ENDEAVOUR.

My remarks on the dress of the females of the present day may naturally be supposed to have given rise to some reflections on their manners; and as my lady-acquaintance passed before my eye, whilst I was sitting in my elbow chair after dinner, I could not help selecting three from the groupe, in order that I might introduce them, more particularly, to the notice of my readers, which, in order to avoid personalities, I shall do under the names of Lady Repulse, Lady Defiance, and Lady Endeavour.

The first of the trio, though a woman of unimpeached virtue, of good principles, and of regular conduct, is so unfortunate in her

manner, that she almost forbids approach. Plain in her person, she has given her mind to study; but the belles lettres have had no share in her education. Dancing she is disqualified for, by the inequality of a leg; and music she dislikes; for which she is either to be pitied, or shunned, (for it is a bad sign). *A cela près* she is a worthy woman.

Occasionally she gives in charity; but when she does so, she generally has some unpalatable advice to throw into the bargain, which rather creates disgust than gratitude in the receiver's breast. Her features are strong and regular, but cold and repellant; so that a child, if told to embrace her, would stop short, on contemplating her countenance, hide its little face, and run frightened away. A person about to ask his road would, if he met with her on his journey, recal the enquiry hanging on his lip, rather than meet with the rebuff which her eyes indicate as the certain answer.

A friend of mine has often declared to me that he shunned her look at table, that he never could be brought to ask her to drink a

glass of wine, and that he would sooner go without any thing near her, than apply to her for it; for if you meet her eyes she frowns without anger; if you ask her to drink she either refuses you perhaps without dislike, but certainly with the appearance of it, or drinks tacitly, as much as to say—"there, rather than be plagued;" and if she help you at table, her answer to "might I *trouble* your ladyship?" is merely the coarse monosyllable, "*yes.*"

I remember a fop of an upholsterer being sent for, to decorate her country villa. He was in the drawing-room, waiting and looking about. She came abruptly in. The man bowed, scraped, smirked and fidgeted—"a very beautiful view your ladyship enjoys here," said he. Her answer was, "man, I did not send for you to talk about my views, but to furnish my house." Though I do not regret the lesson which the officious affectation of this tradesman met with, yet I would scarcely have given it myself, for the lady's estate; for I hold a sin against

humanity to be a double one, falling both on the giver and on the receiver.

Lady Defiance is one of the best natured women existing; yet so selfish, so regardless of the opinion of the world, of the rules of society, of the feelings of another, that she sets the whole creation at nought. To do the most extraordinary things costs her nothing. She will turn her back upon one guest to enter into conversation with another, without either preface or blush. She will occupy your seat, help herself, take French leave, come in, or go out, without apology, or appearance of feeling. If you talk to her she does not listen, and flies off, in the middle of your story. If she make an appointment, or promise to dance with you, she leaves you in the lurch. Does she want your arm, or your service in any shape, it is in the imperative mood, instead of the ablative, that she seeks it. Is she censured, she is convulsed with laughter. Is she lampooned, or traduced in a newspaper, she enjoys it. Is she envied, or suspected, she aggravates either state, by her pertinacity.

In her dress she is *outrée* and exposes herself to the most impertinent remarks. She gets stared at, whispered about: she brazens it out, and seems to say, "I am glad you have something to talk of." By this means her character is often misrepresented; but as she despises public opinion, it is of no account to her. The thing which she wishes to have, she must command; nor can usage, form, ceremony, inconvenience, the loss of money, or the loss of reputation deter her from it. She often does a benevolent thing; yet is she selfish in the extreme. She gives the best parties in town; yet every one who attends them dissects her without mercy. To laugh loud at the play, and to be hissed from the pit, is quite a pastime. To be caricatured, she considers a very high compliment. To say or do something that no other woman would say or do, is her pride and her delight. Thus does she lose the merit of her good qualities, and gain credit for bad ones, which in fact she does not possess.

Lady Endeavour is really a good creature. She has a heart as feeling as ever was embosomed in human mould. She is obliging and friendly to all around her; prudent and moral in her own conduct; but, from a precipitancy of speaking and acting, a constant absence of reflection, a want of discrimination, and a deficiency in all the nice and delicate touches of polish which education can give, she continually finds that she has made enemies even of the very people whom she had been most anxious to secure as friends.

For instance, she will ask you to dinner, prefacing the invitation with—"I have a set of folks from the country, will you come and join them? They are bores, but one must have some body to meet them." She will recollect an old dress, and compliment you on the good care you have taken of it—mention the age of her grandmother, and ask some lady, twenty years younger, to see her because they are so much alike—offer a ticket with the remark that she has so many that she does not know how to employ them

—make you a present because it cost her nothing—solicit you to take game which could not keep any longer—or hint to you, that not knowing what to do with herself, she has favored you with a visit. She will call on you when you are sick, and observe how ill you look! what a bad fever you have got! "My aunt Deborah went off with just such a one!" Yet will she pity you, and wait on you assiduously; though she kindly assures you, at the same time, that she does not think you will ever get better. Then she mistakes the circumstances which she ought to touch upon, and those which she ought to avoid; and ever when intending the best, she does the worst. She is everlastingly endeavouring to be civil, attentive, serviceable, and condescending; yet is invariably troublesome, obtrusive, and offensive. Never were honest efforts less crowned with success; for which reason the name of Endeavour suits her to a tittle.

Some extracts from these characteristics, with a relinquishment of the rest, would form one good character. The firmness of

Lady Repulse, the contentedness and *sans souci* of Lady Defiance, the good heart and good meaning of Lady Endeavour, would do well; but situated as they at present are, they are odious and unfortunate.—What a charm is manner! It gives a gloss to the most indifferent productions of nature, and renders her more perfect ones brilliant to the highest degree. Honesty without polish, is like a precious stone in the rough; which so offends at first touch, and requires such disencumbering and smoothing, that it is thrown aside by superficial observers, who, rather than endure the inconveniences of its asperities, give up at once the task of polishing it; for it is not the lot of every one to possess, in such instances, the patience which, I flatter myself, my readers have, before this, discovered to belong to their friend,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

N°. LXXI.

SETTING A PERSON RIGHT.

" Good sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en;
Fair virtue admiration may impart,
But 'tis good nature, only, wins the heart."

STILLINGFLEET.

SETTING A PERSON RIGHT.

THERE is not a more obliging act in our social intercourse with each other, than that of leading a person out of the labyrinth of error, placing him at his ease, clearing up a difficulty, or extricating him from the mazes of a mistake which may render him undeservedly ridiculous, call a blush into the cheek of modest worth, or give an air of folly or stupidity to a countenance, on which nature has marked the strongest lines of intellect. An error in a name, in country, religion, politics, in lately changed situation, rank or title, may create a general stare, sneer or titter, which will put a sensitive mind to the rack, and throw even

a scholar, or a man of science completely out of his latitude. How amiable it is to adjust such a difficulty! and frequently, a look, a sign, a frown in which no ill-nature or reprehension dwells, or an intelligent smile, mingled with benevolence, a wave of the hand, or, at most, a gentle whisper, will effect this completely.

Thus a relation is dead.—Kindness, ignorant of the circumstance, is about to enquire after the person, and thereby to awaken regret, and come under the lash of censure for want of thought. A well-timed motion of gravity, or a scarcely perceived shake of the head, prevents the pain of both parties, and spares the uninformed one the momentary operation of shame and displeasure.

A couple is divorced, of which one is present.—A moral man may mean no harm by censuring infidelity; but the personality is offensive, (and by the bye this is a very ticklish subject in our days); a look silently says so—and all exposure is avoided.

A guest entering a room has something

ill adjusted, or awkward, superfluous, or forgotten in his dress.—A kind hand conceals it, retrenches it, or supplies it; or at all events, conveys such a tacit, or gently bestowed hint, as remedies the evil. A lady's shawl, for instance, has fallen from its graceful and easy situation on her ivory shoulders, and instead of increasing the elegance of her *ensemble*, hangs awkwardly down to her heels, is within a second of being under her foot, of making her stumble, as she bends in courtesy, and of thus exciting an envious smile at her expence. Prompt, but almost imperceptible, relief, by gently replacing the drapery, is an obligation which a delicate female bosom will gratefully and sensibly feel. "Your ladyship will drop your shawl," would be fatal in such a case; 'twould be the death-blow to the loves and graces who were brought into action at her *entrée*—to the smiles and dimples just coming into play—to the mixture of dignified confidence and of half-retiring modesty

which marked her progress towards her seat.

Some impediment, a dog for example, or a rumpled carpet, may make either a man or woman of fashion unavoidably awkward and embarrassed for a time; but the hand which kindly lures the animal to it, or politely removes the inequality, by drawing the carpet straight, has rendered a service of more importance than a coarse or worldly mind is aware of.

I shall never forget the polite humanity of the Duke d'Angoulême, who, in company with his princess, happened to follow a lady, in a walk near Cheltenham. A bramble had caught the lady's flounce, and as she proceeded onwards, it kept twisting in the folds, and rendering her more embarrassed, and ridiculous at every step. Her ignorance of the circumstance made the scene more ludicrous, and many a fair titterer, and broad grinning fool passed her by. His Royal Highness stepped nimbly, but fearfully (as it were) up to her, and disentangled it, almost unperceived. Just

at the instant that he was setting her free, she perceived him and started. His first movement was to take off his hat! His first and only address was to make an excuse for the surprise of a half second—that is to say, to crave indulgence for performing an act of condescension, kindness and humanity, because it still, unavoidably, cost the lady's feelings a momentary shock. The interest which I felt at this moment might be deemed by many, were I to describe it, somewhat beyond what the occasion called for; but I was happy, at the same time, to perceive my countrywoman express her sense of the service she had received, in a manner equally removed from boldness, or *mauvaise honte*. She blushed, joined both her hands together, and made a most graceful reverence, as much as to say, "you are, indeed, good and kind; my heart thanks you, although my lips cannot." I am convinced that the prince, at the moment, felt overpaid. To me, there were volumes in this little transaction.

The essence of these attentions is method

arising from mind: *C'est la façon de faire qui fait tout;* for had the prince elevated the lady's drapery so as to expose her ankle, or had he torn the ornamental finish of her *jupon*, the value of this piece of refined urbanity allied to feeling would have been considerably lessened; the intrinsic worth would have remained, but all the graceful and ornamental would have been wanting, to give the act its full perfection.

Admitting these premises, and they are undeniable, how unfortunate it is when officious kindness, or ill-judged effort at setting right, makes matters worse, and increases the confusion which it is intended to prevent. I have a stuttering acquainsance who always keeps me in an agony when in his company. My cousin, Lady Restless, is often with him, and so officiously anxious for his making a good appearance, that she takes the lingering word out of his mouth, each time he attempts to utter a sentence in society; her eye is ever on him, and doubles his hesitation; her guess work is always so rapid that she miscon-

strues his meaning; and whilst he is convulsed in producing a couple of syllables, she concludes the word for him, and adds a whole phrase which overthrows him completely.

Oldcastle says, with his fastidious air, "her ladyship's conceptions are so rapid, and his delivery so slow and difficult, that they make an absolute miscarriage of it, between them." Complaisant listening, a cheerful kind of satisfaction in comprehending, and a very little unperceived assistance, would greatly relieve him, and all other persons labouring under deafness or imperfect articulation; and to enforce the observance of these minute dictates of genuine politeness, is among the many agreeable duties which, in his official character, devolve upon

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No. LXXII.

MATERNITY.

" By degrees
The human blossom blows, and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm."

THOMPSON.

MATERNITY.

"Go away, child," said Miss Whimsey, a maiden of fifty-two. "I hate children," added she, turning to me, as we were both waiting for Lady M—— to accompany us to see the Elgin marbles. "Hate children! madam," said I; "I cannot conceive that at all. That a person can hate children or music, is to me incredible. The innocence of the one and the harmony of the other, possess such powerful charms, that the bosom must be iron-hearted indeed, which is proof against the attractions of either." "Oh! fiddlety dee," cried the aged spinster; "I tell you I hate them both; either of them spoils good company; one by ob-

trusiveness, the other by interrupting rational conversation." "Or, rather," replied I, "by putting a stop to idle chatter, or scandalous anecdote and artful slander."

"There!" cried Miss Whimsey, slapping the lovely little prattler—"there, nasty thing! It has left the print of its fingers on the sleeve of my pelisse." The child cried. "My dear little boy!" said I; "come to me." "How ill Lady M—— brings up her two children!" resumed she; "thrusting them into society, as if other people were obliged to be as foolishly fond of them as she is herself. There is nothing so rude as to force brats into company this way."

At this moment a pug, suffocated with fat, and breaking out with high living, waddled from under her drapery, and began to cough and to sneeze. "Poor darling!" exclaimed the prim miss: "come to *his* own mistress." Here she kissed the pampered brute, and wailed over it, because it had caught cold. "Pardon me, madam," observed I, "if I assure you that your favourite is much more offensive than this

little innocent." "Yes, because he bit you once;" tartly answered the old maid. "And because, madam, (said I) his smell is not the most fragrant, his temper is bad, and his appearance unwholesome and disgusting."

Here I hugged the pretty little boy to my bosom; whilst miss kissed the filthy lips of her pampered pet. However, by squeezing him too closely, she deranged his stomach, and he returned the compliment in the most sickening way. I rang the bell, and left the rest to the dog's mistress. "Pray, Mr. Smart," said she to the groom of the chambers, "bring up a damask napkin, for my poor little darling is ill, and a little warm milk and sugar." The servant looked contempt, but obeyed. My little favourite now left my knees, in order to pat and caress the dog. "Get out, you little tiresome wretch!" exclaimed Miss Whimsey, in a sharp high key: "I wish he would bite you; let him alone, rude thing!"

I really had no patience with her. "Upon my honour, Miss Whimsey, I cannot brook your ill treatment of this dear innocent

boy," said I. "Innocent!" she repeated; —"Yes; so is a barber's block innocent; children should be kept in their nurseries; 'tis the only thing they are fit for;—spoiling every thing, and making a noise!" At this moment Lady M— entered the room. "Your Ladyship's most obedient," said Miss Whimsey, with the falsest smile which I ever saw,—one in which neither kindness, benevolence, humanity, courtesy, nor sincerity dwelt; for pride and envy have chased all smiles from her furrowed cheek, yet fain would she ape a cheerful and engaging aspect. There are, unfortunately, a number of Miss Whimsey's cast in society,—wretches who, under the female form, lavish their tenderest cares on monkies, lap-dogs, and parrots, whilst they act with the utmost inhumanity towards their fellow-creatures. By such persons dainties and delicacies are procured, at any price, for these incumbrances, and the most disgusting display of affection is exercised towards them. The shivering and houseless wanderer is inhumanly chased from their gates; whilst these

pet brutes repose on velvet couches, and are, nightly, pillowed on down. Sometimes they share the couch of their unnatural mistress, or sleep at her feet ready to fly at any one who approaches her, while they stand sentry over her false tresses, borrowed complexion, and artificial teeth.

Disappointed of the advances of our sex, these withering plants assume a chastity without grace, and a reserve without virtue. But delicacy is entirely lost sight of by them; for who that have any pretensions to delicacy can slight the endearments of little children, to fondle such a hateful satire on human nature as the monkey, to pamper an offensive and useless dog, or to feed a parrot out of their mouth? Shocking in the extreme! The immorality of the thing, too, goes further. Frequently is a servant dismissed, and deprived of bread, for ruffling the temper of Poll, for resisting the execrable caresses of Jacko, or for displacing Pug from the hearth, perhaps to save him from being burned, or because his effluvia infects the whole air of the drawing room. Men and maids also are

doomed to endure the bite, the stench, and the uncleanliness of these unseemly creatures.

But to return to Lady M—. What a contrast to Miss Whimsey! How much suavity, delicacy of expression, mildness of deportment, and grace in her approach! how much sympathy and humanity in the language of her lips and eyes! what preventing obligingness! what corresponding kindness! what grateful return for every, the least attention! Then to see her cast her maternal glance on her dear boy! to see the mother in every line of her countenance!—in the admiration of her eye, in the swell of her bosom, in her half-shut mouth and gently extended arm! all was harmony, all goodness, all paternal tenderness and anxiety—that anxiety which is not eager self-interest, but love and christian charity.

Women's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar awakens admi-

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THE DRILL SERJEANT.

WALKING through Saint James's Park, I was attracted by the sight of some very fine Recruits drilling in the Bird-Cage Walk. I therefore digressed a little to examine them, but more particularly to look at a smart serjeant, whose wit and military slang seemed to be the magnet of attraction to many curious listners. He appeared sufficiently conscious of his own merit and dexterity, and seemed to amuse himself by blending jocularity with his professional duty, and making a kind of play of his business.

The sight of this man brought to my re-

membrance my childish years, when called away from the playing at soldiers, which afforded me and my companions so much recreation and delight. "Alas!" said I to myself, "how many years have rolled away since those days of innocence! how many not more rational, but more perilous or culpable, sports have occupied my days and years of manhood! how many children of six feet high are amused with empty bawbles and mere toys, till grey hairs, and the chilly winter of life, steals in, unperceived, upon them.

Are not stars and ribbons empty toys? Is not all the pomp, parade, and trickery of courts mere gewgaws? How many a life and character, a fortune and peace of mind, are given for a painted doll, or for some idle pursuit, more criminal, but equally nugatory as children's play!

But let us wave these sad truths, these unwelcome, but not unuseful, reflections, and turn to the serjeant of the guards.

He was in stature about five feet ten, well proportioned, carrying his full height as

erect as his own pike, neat and clean to a superlative degree, and with something of a saucy contemptuous look, which seemed to say "I know my business; I am master of my work; I obey my officer; but I care for no man; here I am, soldier-making, and no better dab at it exists; here *goes*, gentlemen; you shall see me go through my work, to a nicety."

His face was rather manly than handsome: a strong outline, high forehead, roman nose, and keen sharp eye, somewhat small but full of fire. He kept all the different squads which were drilling by a number of non-commissioned officers; but in his view they were no further advanced than their facings, and wheelings; so that they were without arms, whilst those under his own little command consisted of young hands just learning the use of the musket.

His work proceeded briskly, and ever and anon he would take the musket out of some awkward hand, play with it like a ball; and toss it about as if it weighed not more than a feather, or as if he were exhibiting some

trick of legerdemain; so excellent and so expert was he at his exercise. But what amused me most, because it was quite novel to me, was the *pike wit* with which he interlarded every direction or word of command; and which gained much, on the score of originality, from the cockney dialect in which it was delivered.

I fear I shall not do ample justice to the serjeant's talents; but as I had a hearty laugh myself, as mirth is most conducive to health, and as the performer gained general admiration from the crowd, I shall endeavour to give my reader a short detail of a part of this scenic representation, as far as my memory aids me.

His squad was now standing at ease, having been ordered to clap their hands together, smartly, simultaneously, and like a peal of thunder.

The first words which met my ear were: "more sharper and more sharper yet, men. Shew me some life! law, vy you are as inactive and as dronish as a parcel of swine lying asleep upon a dunghill. There now!

that's more like the thing." He here flourished his cane, put it under his arm, looked at them contemptuously and hoaxingly, yet some how, good humouredly and archly.

He had put himself in an attitude, graceful enough, although a little too stiff. He now changed it for a bantering position, leaning on his cane and advancing one foot and leg, in a way that might be called *making a leg*. Then, casting a glance of superiority round at the spectators, he eyed his men over and over again, taking the measure of them from top to toe. Some of them were certainly very awkward.

"Come," resumed the serjeant, "though you be standing at ease, don't forget that you are gentlemen, soldiers; none of your playing with your *fistes*, like fools, nor scratching at your heads. Stand as if your limbs belonged to you; not as if you hired 'em for the day." (A loud laugh, in which the mob joined).

"I say, you, Mr. Marshal, (he was not a bit like his name), vy any of these here gentlemen, they see as you've been a pig-driver;

you sticks out your nose, like von of the drove; (loud applause); who could have built such a lubber? I shall never make a soldier on you. None of your statty fair hattitudes, if you please. You, John Murray, you are a pretty compound of freedom and ease; none of your scotch tricks here, playing with your fingers; stand like a man and don't make faces; vy von would think that your stock strangled you; (which was near the truth); you looks like a goose as is going under Temple Bar." (Loud cheering.)

"Now, ve are not going to take up our night's lodging here; be prepared for the caution; let me see you all alive and in motion, as if you vent upon vires.—Tention!" (in a sonorous and authoritative tone). They all sprung up as if frightened out of their senses; and the Serjeant himself stood in a statue-like form, stiff as a direction-post.

He continued—"Now, be prepared, and don't think that ere firelock will bite you; grasp it like a man, not like an old midwife

vith a broomstick. Now—Shoulder arms!" One of the men almost dropped his musket. "I thought so," said the Serjeant. "Vy, it von't do you no harm, you two-fisted rustic. Seize it like a man, I say.—That, all over again; you must come to the Order, and do it as quick as thought—as if you had not a moment to lose, or as if you had got a bum-bailiff *ater* you (a loud laugh). Now, let me see you all shoulder at vonce, together, not one ater another, just as you vere born (a loud laugh from the Serjeant).—There! that's more like it, though it ban't the real right thing yet."

"There, you poor booby non-nattrals—here, give me von of your firelocks, and I'll make it speak to you." Every eye was on the Serjeant. "Here, look at me; I ban't afraid that it will go off of itself, without no loading at all." Here he knocked it about in a most masterly and dexterous manner; whilst *the making it speak* was the striking the butt after each motion, and making the sound echo sharply, and ring again as it

were. All this was performed with great conceit, and a full consciousness of the admiration which he excited. "There, men," said he, in conclusion of his manual slight of hand, "see vat you can do ater that, if you have got any observance about you, and your heads has got summat besides saw-dust in 'em."

He now put the men through the manual with a variety of remarks, always obliging them to repeat the motions frequently, and making their unsuccessful attempts the subject of laughter to the by-standers, interlarding every command with flights of fancy and sallies of wit, in the vernacular tongue. His directions, also, how to perform each motion were wordy, and full of the same strain of humour.

Coming at length to the order of "Recover arms," he took upon him to explain to them that it must be done expertly, gracefully, proudly, with a soldier-like air, and almost by magic, as (to do him justice) he did it himself; but the instructions were thus

conveyed—" Now, men, seize the firelock boldly; knock it about as light as love (accompanied by a smile); show me a little ingenical turn in quitting it, and seizing it again; make it spin again in the recover; your bodies vell up, your intriles kept in, shoulders back, chest thrust forward, and heads high. Now for the recover, like conjuring; seize your firelock bravely; throw it in the firmament; catch it in the hellement; and do the ole with the *hair* of a *nero.*"

This rich vein of conceit, this burst of rhetoric overpowered me, nor could I contain my risibility any longer within bounds. So I left the field to this Birdcage-walk warrior, and moved off myself in quick time, convinced that every day, and every scene of life, however apparently trifling at first glance, has a page of knowledge to unfold.

After calling at the Horse-Guards for a moment, I went to the House of Lords; but I must freely confess that I did not find one

member there so much master of his subject, nor making so good an appearance, as Serjeant Pike, or so much impression on the memory of

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N°. LXXIV.

ASSIGNATIONS.

" Yet let not those who love complain,
If thus to part is killing pain,
'Tis still to make the bliss more dear
When the sweet hour of meeting 's near.
So streams are sever'd in their course,
To join again with double force."

COURTENAY.

ASSIGNATIONS.

HAVING to call in Portland-place, I strolled up St. James's-street and Bond-street; and, not finding my friend at home, I resolved to take a walk in the Regent's Park, and skim over a new publication I had picked up in my way. I accordingly bent my steps thither; and happened to pass an elderly gentleman walking hastily. His air was all impatience, and there was a simper of self-satisfaction in his countenance, which bordered on the ridiculous. His eyes seemed to say "I am turned fifty, and yet I can attract beauty and youth! How well I look for my age!"

I viewed him again and again, from the corner of my eye, whilst I appeared to be reading; I examined him from head to foot. I saw the lines of nobility in his features and person; but no expression of passion. "This," said I to myself, "must be an assignation; and yet there is no love in this elderly trunk. There is even something interested, instead of interesting, in his appearance. His love seems to be regulated on a banking principle; for he neither looks flushed, heated, nor melancholy at the delay. He came here with a quick step—that was calculation; he has now slackened his pace—that is moderation; he smiles and talks to himself—that is anticipation.

At this moment a young lady drew near. She was deeply veiled; yet I knew her. She is a rich heiress. She seemed pleased to have a beau from novelty: she is fitter for a boarding school than for a bridal festival. I saw that I was right in all my prognostications. The elderly gentleman played

the lover; but it was a mere rehearsal; nature was not of the party. Well, let them go: the poor lady is ill-matched, but *I* cannot help it

How absurd is a declining lover—the altered shadow of a Cupid, which, like the reflection on a walk, as the sun is sinking in the horizon, looks preposterously elongated until it fades into nothing.—Another good lesson to me, never more to play the lover.

I had scarcely lost sight of this couple when a young man in the bloom of years arrived, his cheeks crimsoned beyond nature's common blush; his veins swelling, his pace irregular, his eyes flashing fire and broadly open to every object! he looked at me almost furiously. I saw that he was fearful of being too late; and he gave a glance of pity on my cold clay,—as much as to say "thou art a philosopher; but I came not to see thee, old man! it was my mistress that I expected to meet. I wish thou wert out of the way; for "Hang up philosophy unless philosophy can make a Juliet."

I withdrew to a little distance, and observed that he looked at his watch six times in two minutes. He now got his little stick entangled in a hedge: he broke it precipitately and cast it from him, evidently in the torment and agony of expectation, and anxious doubt. At length, a carriage arrived in sight. A lady leaped from it and it drove away. She waved her handkerchief, took a slanting direction, and he followed her. She appeared to be about thirty: the youth might be about twenty. "Here," said I, "is disparity again!" He flew after her. "Well," thought I, "that white handkerchief is no flag of truce: the Estafette announces an ensuing engagement; perhaps one for life. This boy will be true to those colours for a time; but, how long, it is difficult to say. Fare ye well, ye lovers of every age; I am not fit company for you."

At this moment a lovely form passed me so close that I ran up against her. She started and dropped a letter: I picked it up and gave it to her. She trembled like a leaf agitated by the shivering breeze which

is the fore-runner of a tempest: she drew her veil over her eyes, and glided precipitately from me. Yet I kept her in sight. The new publication had no part in my thoughts: they were fixed on the living book of life. I watched her attentively. She was all tremulous uncertainty, doubt, passion and dismay. She read the letter again and again: doubtless, it bore the appointment. "Poor thing! thought I to myself; this is the first time; perhaps the betrayer is at hand; I wish that I were thy brother or thy father; I wish that thou would'st ask my advice and claim my protection."

She now halted;—and looked wildly round. Now again she was stately and triumphant;—she took the billet out of her bosom, tore it in pieces and retreated precipitately. "Hurrah!" cried I, unable to contain myself; "thou art saved; reason has triumphed; bravo resolution! may this fair creature ever be protected from a seducer's snares."

Just as I concluded my ejaculation, an

insipid looking thing arrived; and, from his glass, examined on every side to see if any female were in view. He had the appearance of a hardened rake, in whose unfeeling breast guilty passion had consumed the traces of honour and of sympathy, of pity and devotion to the softer sex. He seemed disappointed and humiliated; then, angry and proud. "Aye old fox" muttered I, "the dove is flown; thou hast lost thy prey; and if thou enquirest after her from me, I will set thee on a wrong scent." I however had the satisfaction of seeing him walk for an hour in vain, and then retire, apparently in the greatest vexation; but much to the joy of his unsuspected observer,

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No. LXXV.

THE HOAX.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat."

BUTLER.

THE HOAX.

I WAS so delighted with the escape of the fair incognita, that I forgot the book which I held in my hand; and I found, on losing sight of the intended traditore, that I had also lost sight of it. I searched about in vain for many minutes, and was prepared for putting up with my loss, when a very modest, well dressed female accosted me, and enquired if the volume, which she held in her hands, did not belong to me. I answered in the affirmative, and thanked her very heartily for her attention and condescension. She presented the book, and made me a courtesy with a peculiar studied grace—I thought a little

theatrically. "An actress!" shrewdly remarked I to myself, as I took the volume from her elegantly extended arm.

She paused, and then addressed me thus: "Sir, your age and gentlemanlike appearance (I wished that she had confined herself to the latter) encourage a very young and inexperienced woman (she can be no actress thought I) to throw herself on your protection, and humbly to solicit a favour."—"Speak lady," said I, but I thought her a mendicant,—though she was as superbly dressed as mourning costume can go!

"I came here," said she, "to meet an unfortunate sister, who has disobliged my father by marrying against his consent. He will neither see her nor her husband; and he has forbidden all intercourse betwixt us. I know that the young couple are in pecuniary distress, and I came here to relieve them. (No beggar thought I, quite pleased) My sister was late; and the sun has gone down. I have been pestered and pursued by a ruffian (here she turned round)."—"Describe him," said I; "perhaps it is the disap-

pointed rake?" (the description did not answer.) "May I," continued she, "be allowed to walk by your side until I get into the streets?" "Surely, fair lady; and do me the honour to accept my arm; old age is always a protection; and you shall find me ready to defend you if the case requires it." She bowed gracefully.

"You merit," added I, "a younger and a handsomer beau; but a more honest one you cannot get:" (another graceful inclination of the head.) "Sir," resumed she, "attachment is the price of protection; gratitude is the forerunner of regard." (Very prettily spoken, thought I; it is now dusk, and she takes me for ten or twelve years younger.) "Yes," replied I, grown a little more sentimental than usual; "but the rose twines not round the storm-struck and withered elm." "True," replied my fair companion; "but the antique elm, which is not withered, may shelter the rose; and she may grow under his protection, and look up to him, with gratitude and sympathy." "Hem," said I, "can she be smitten?"

"My name," said she, is Mortimer, the daughter of Mr. Montagu Mortimer; a stern but worthy man, who lives in Harley-street. I must slip unperceived into my room, if you will conduct me to the corner of the street; but if you will call on me to-morrow about two or three o'clock, mamma, who has a feeling heart, and knows of my meetings with my sister, will thank you in person for the protection afforded to her daughter." "Thanks! I require none," said I, (feeling a vibration from her fingers on my arm which discomposed my usual coldness and gravity, and giving her my card); "but I shall think myself honoured in improving the acquaintance of so charming a young lady." Here her eyes met mine, and I lost in the encounter.

We were now in Portland Place. I could have wished that we had been two miles off. I became silent, and experienced regret at the idea of parting.—We were at the corner of Harley-street. I grew dejected and forlorn—we separated. I kissed her gloved hand, like a covered relick. I felt as I have not

felt for twenty years. It is the assignations which have disturbed me! "no,"—answered a secret voice, "it is the flattering accents of the lady." I began to wonder how I had remained single so long. Was it possible, that this adventure should change my lot? I pulled up my cravat and was sorry for my grey hairs. "There is a vegetable dye," said I to myself.

I was now at my door. The words of the incognita still echoed in my ear.—I was too late for dinner! What to do? send off an apology, plead indisposition, dress, dine in the corner of Long's, observe the animalculi of fashion and extravagance, slip into the English Opera in cog, view the eccentricities there—the wanderings of modern taste. But first--must dress: no, first—must write the excuse. I did so. "A taper John:—" twas brought—I must seal my letter,—my family repeater had disappeared!—I put my hand in my pocket—there was an aching void there! I ordered my servant to take a note to Miss Mortimer in Harley

Street, whilst I dressed. No such person was to be found!

At my age, to be thus duped, was too bad. "There is no fool like an old fool," cried I in a rage. I looked ten years older whilst putting on my cravat; but I called in philosophy to my aid, and pursued my dining and evening plan.

Carefully did I conceal this secret from my acquaintance; but as its disclosure may benefit others, I owe it to my readers, and I give it, not unblushingly, under the shelter of my accustomed signature of

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No. LXXVI.

MUTUAL COURTESY.

"A small unkindness is a great offence."
H. MORE.

MUTUAL COURTESY.

I HAVE often in the course of my lucubrations taken occasion to eulogize the "small sweet courtesies of life, which make the road of it smooth, and, like grace and beauty, beget inclinations to love at first sight." Yet to render services not only without producing gratitude, but even without giving satisfaction, has repeatedly fallen to my lot. Nothing can be more mortifying. This is one of the little humiliations in life which give pain without inflicting injury: or rather, I ought to say, without inflicting a deep and visible injury; for it is certainly a sensible, though an invisible one, to render callous the feeling heart, to damp the

ardour of friendship, to repel the outstretched arm of service, to check the sympathy flowing warmly from a generous breast, and thus "to freeze the general current of the soul."

What can be more distressing to a man of humanity, and of that politeness which humanity is sure to inculcate, than to rise to resign his place, with respect seated on his brow, condescension in his attitude, and a smile of philanthropy on his lips, to some proud lord or haughty dame, who is unfeeling enough haughtily to overlook such an act of politeness, and brush by him to another situation?

One of these minor mortifications in life, is to be seated next a very talkative companion at table; to have been assiduous in your due and temperate attentions towards him, to have found him more than commonly anxious to cultivate your acquaintance; and then, the very next day, for him not to return your polite salute, offered without freedom, and performed as respectfully as the independence of a gentleman will allow. I do not

mean to assert, that the lady whom you have rescued from the danger of a quickly passing carriage, or the gentleman who falls into conversation with you in the pit, at the opera, or exchanges a pinch of snuff with you, is bound to perpetuate the acquaintance; but the partner of the convivial board, in select company, where the master of the house invites both, or the dancing partner at the ball, or her whom you have seen to her carriage (both meeting in a polished circle), is called upon by good breeding and by one link of the great chain of humanity to pay due reciprocity of acknowledgment on all such occasions.

Whilst on the subject of the "servire e non gradire," I cannot help mentioning an old acquaintance of mine, who is particularly faulty in this way; and who, from habit grafted on pride and insensibility, must have made a number of enemies through life, the greatest pleasures of which flow from the little kindly attentions that pass in society; from obliging offers and grateful returns. This being the case, how shocking is that

system of repulsion which destroys the main-spring of all these actions, namely, brotherly love! how disgusting is that character which spurns the tribute of benevolence, and returns to the donor all the elegant attentions, sweet solaces, gentle sympathies, and intended services, which were springing up in his heart, to give pleasure and assistance to a fellow creature!

But to return to my acquaintance. I have known Lady. Louisa Lukewarm for twenty years. I have shown her some civilities, nay, I have even rendered her some services; yet could I never see a smile of gratitude, a look of satisfaction, a sign of obligation in her deportment. Her tradesmen and servants are subjected to the same behaviour. Nothing is good enough for her: every thing is faulty and imperfect in her eyes. But that her equals should share this contempt, is still more unjust, and out of place. I remember once at the Opera-house, going in search of her carriage. The crowd was very great, and I was nearly run over in my attempt to get it up to the door. On

my return to her box, full of satisfaction at having accomplished her wish, and with out-stretched hand to lead her in triumph through the crowd: "Stop," said she drily, "I have not got my shawl yet." This I procured for her and put over her shoulders, for which a smile would have been usurious payment (for she was then young and handsome): on the contrary, she frowned, and observed coldly, "what a long time you have been; I thought you must have forgotten me."—"That," I observed, "was impossible." Her answer to this was, "Come make haste: how the people squeeze! I wish I had waited longer."

On another occasion, I met with her at the Duchess of D——'s fancy ball. We came in nearly together, and she beckoned to me to give her my arm. The number of the company greatly increased the heat of the apartments. "Get me an ice," said she to me. I obeyed. "Oh! this is ice-cream," exclaimed she; "I prefer water ice." This might be called throwing cold water on my kindness; yet I cheerfully obeyed again.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

"It's not good," was her next observation: "a glass of water with raspberry vinegar in it, or a glass of cold water would be as well," continued she. I procured both, contented to have the rejected tribute returned; but when I sought her she had taken another seat, and I could not find her for half an hour. At last I met her, expressed my regret, and offered my services again. "I have done without," said she; and broke from me to beckon an officer of the guards to her, which she did with impatience and a look of anger. The fan signal was obeyed; and on his arrival, she accosted him: "You are a pretty beau, indeed; did not you promise to meet me at Hookham's, to go with me to the exhibition?"—"Your memory betrays your ladyship," replied he; "it was at Dyde and Scribe's that we were to have met; and there I waited for two hours." Guess, gentle reader, what was her ladyship's kind and polite reply? "Bless me! so it was."

Giving her up my place in the stage box, one night, she in return informed me that "she could not see at all, for the glare of

the lamps." At Brighton, she took a fancy to riding, and still further fancied a pony of mine. It was brought to the door, when viewing the animal with contempt, she exclaimed, "It's an ugly little brute; I thought it had been twice as high; but perhaps it may carry me well enough: good morning;" which good morning was so cold, that it was like throwing a wet blanket over all manner of kind intent. Lastly, at a *dejeuné* which she gave, she employed me to procure her a quantity of flowers. I did so, and at great expense. "What do I owe you for the flowers?" said she, at our next meeting. "Nothing," replied I; "I feel too happy in being employed by you." "What made you send so many geraniums?" inquired she, in a peevish tone: "and there were not half carnations enough." "I am sorry for it," replied I. "Pray tell me what's o'clock?" was her next return. It would be endless to state the many instances of her conduct in this way, which have marred her youthful days, and which render her odious in the vale of years.

But it is not Lady Louisa alone who is guilty of these transgressions against humanity and good breeding. Imperious dames we have, and solemn coxcombs, who have allowed their ignorance and self-love so to blind them, that they see not their real interest in society, and are dead to all the sweet sensibility which is the greatest charm in life. These self-created high mightinesses tower above themselves, and constantly stand in their own light. Fixed in the situation which they have usurped, they expect unceasing homage, without paying for it in any shape whatever. Proffered kindness often rejected, unmerited submission ill received, or preference generously given where it is not due, turn into regret, disgust, pity, or hatred. The former is my sentiment towards such individuals. They meet with neglect and contempt, when age and inveterate habit prevent them from treading back their path, and when cold hearts and stiff joints disqualify them alike for the offices of tenderness or of elegance.

Let all such persons recollect, that gra-

titude is due to every act of kindness, just as the meed of praise is the tribute which we owe to deeds of valour, or to any glorious or useful achievement; and as the labourer is worthy of his hire, so does service claim acknowledgment, and courtesy demand reciprocity in every rank of life, as well from the first peer in the realm, as from

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No. LXXVII.

SUNDAY MEN.

"Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly, through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat."

GREEN.

SUNDAY MEN.

LOITERING in St. James's Street, one Sunday, I observed a number of countenances which I often met on that day of the week, but never, by any accident whatever, fell in with on any other. Their features were above the common cast; their air bespoke them to be men of fashion: they certainly were not the faces of shopkeepers; and, moreover, I knew two of them to be a Baronet, and an ex-member of Parliament.

At dinner, I was seated next to Doctor Dangle, the greatest male gossip in the world, who makes five thousand a year by telling agreeable stories to fanciful ladies, and administering negative medicines to fan-

ciful gentlemen; and the idea of the people I had seen in the morning recurring again, like the paroxysm of a disease, I began to talk to him on the subject. He immediately, from my description of them, told me the names of the parties, and I discovered that pecuniary difficulties precluded them from making their appearance on any other day except the sabbath.

These hebdomadal loungers are what are termed Sunday men. Lodging in the remote quarters of Pentonville, Pimlico, Vauxhall, Kennington, the Kent Road, or some other place, two or three miles from Oxford-Street, Hyde-Park Corner, or the Bridges, they waste an useless and uncomfortable existence six days of the week; and, on the seventh, they come forth in order to recruit their ideas, to vary the gloomy scene of life, or, unmolested, to transact their business and to keep up those relations with the world, which would, otherwise, be wholly neglected and broken.

You may often discover, in these characters, the remnant of fashion, and the im-

pression of nobility, which adversity and seclusion have not quite destroyed. The air of a man of the world who has outlived his century, and an assumption of *sans souci*, pourtrayed in an agreeable smile, murmured through a low whistle, or played off by the flirting about of a whip, or the tapping of a boot that has a spur attached to it, though it has not crossed a horse for whole months; and by a judicious glance at an equipage, which bespeaks his own taste and former possession of such things.

If you meet such men, they accost you with urbanity and with acted cheerfulness, as if they wished to pass for the happiest men on earth; but the worm of regret gnaws their heart, and their constitution is, generally speaking, impaired by the acuteness of their feelings: honourable sentiment, struggling against circumstances, prey upon their vitals; whilst they still endeavour to retain a remnant of respectability, unpolluted by a jail delivery, or the low bankrupt tricks which might set them again on their legs.

For all such men, expelled from high life and good society, I sincerely feel compassion, even though their partial exile be caused by their own imprudence; and I should always like to have a spare hundred to send them in an anonymous cover. To such men in general is attached a heart-broken wife, withering by their side in the shade; as the leaf and blossom cling together in all weathers, until the storm beats on them too roughly, and, prematurely destroys the weakest.

Another class of men, very different from the last, is what we call rulers. These are men who bear a dollar's worth of liberty in their pocket, namely, a four and sixpenny day rule, underpretence of settling with their creditors, or of attending to their affairs; but more commonly with the view of keeping up old connections, and of enjoying deep rooted habits; of diversifying the sameness of life, and of tasting pleasure as long as they can.

These worthies you may know by a sort of brazening air—a look which means, to an

equal, "well what's that to you, if I am in the Fleet, or in the Bench? I am not there alone; and I am counted a prime fellow, even there." To a tradesman or to an inferior, it signifies, "you be—" (what I will not name)! "who cares for you! here I am, you see, in spite of your teeth and of your long bill; and I'll dine at Long's, and keep it up until within a few minutes of twelve; then after that catch me if you can."

The Sunday man often takes bye streets and short cuts, and is divided between his wish for retirement, and his curiosity to see what is going on in town. But the ruler courts publicity, hums a tune, speaks loud, capers on horseback, looks bold and impudent, goes into the most public places, and will swear to a stranger that he is just returned from abroad, or is fresh from the races, or is come out of the country; with twenty other such boasting subterfuges.

The third character who is narrowed in his liberty and his views, is the man dipping over the lake of destruction, as the swallow skims about, and skirts the pool before she

laves her wings or plunges in. This man forms a *mezo termine* betwixt the other two. It is he whose patched-up affairs are bolstered by a letter of license, which he, like the ruler, has in his pocket, as his defensive arms against an accidental attack. He always looks uneasy; is over civil, particularly to a creditor; is speculative in his mind; looks out for squalls, accidents or adventures. A rich man may be thrown from his horse, and he may save his life, by which he may gain a friend and a loan; or the gentleman may die, and he may make him his heir; or an heiress may fancy him at the opera and marry him. He is always ready to hand a lady out of her carriage, or to take up a gentleman's quarrel. Then again he has an eighth in the lottery: it may come up a prize. He'll make any bet you like; and if he win, it is well; if not, it is only a little more in misfortune's preponderating scale.

Such a man may always be known by his changeful countenance, by his overstretched complaisance; by his variability of temper, and by a general uncertainty in every look

and action, blended with a suspicious glance. —" perhaps he has omitted some creditor? can any one have taken advantage of him? is he quite safe?" Such is the language of his eyes. But he is always laughing, always in public, always well dressed, lest you should suppose that he is a ruined man, or that he cannot face his affairs, and pay twenty shillings in the pound.

There are a fourth and fifth genus of sinking men, discernible by their countenances, their actions and their behaviour. There is the ruined man running away from himself, in gaudy trappings and in the highest appearance of prosperity; yet starting at a strange countenance, and trembling in his gilded car. This man shines in splendid misery, with writs and executions at his heels; but he brazens it out until the great crash overwhelms him. There is also the merchant contemplating his bankruptcy, and hesitating when and how to strike.

A physiognomist will discern every one of these characters. The loss of liberty, or the narrow enjoyment of but a brief and

small portion of it, will disease the mind and disfigure the appearance. Happiness exists not in bondage; and, whether a man be a slave to his passions or to his creditors, it matters not; still is he shackled; still are his person and his actions chained; all concealment is vain; nature, true to her feelings and to her first impressions, will betray the uneasy mind, whatever mask we wear. Indeed we much oftener appear what we really are, than what we wish to be taken for; and I continually meet with those who are in fact only deceiving themselves, when they think that they are deceiving all their acquaintance, and, among the rest,

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No. LXXVIII.

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

"——Come, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town."
RANDOLPH.

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

"What a pretty morning I have made of it!" exclaimed my cousin Bob, who had arrived the day before from the country. "How do you mean?" said I. "Why, I have been hoaxed, and queered, and gammoned by every body." "Relate the particulars," said I, interrupting him; for he appeared in a flurry, and somewhat ashamed of himself.

"In the first place," said he, "as I was going to look at my horses, a fellow ran against me, and smeared my new drab great coat. You unmannerly rascal, exclaimed I, you know who I am?" "Know who you

are?" answered he: "no, mayhap Giles Jolter, from Warwickshire." So, laughing and lolling his tongue out of his mouth, he passed on. At the same moment a mud-cart crossed me, just as I was going after the fellow to give him a touch of my hand-whip, and spattered me all over. I told my mind pretty freely to the driver, who made a swell of his cheek, by tucking his tongue into it, and cried, "Johnny Raw! when did you come to town?" "I'll commit you," cried I; "I'm a magistrate"—"and a fool," says the fellow: "vy I'll box you for your estate:" so saying, he off with his coat. Now as I am a bit of a dab that way, I thought that I'd indulge him a little, and that he'd find me an ugly customer. So, giving my coat to a well dressed gentleman, I *squared*, and stood up to him like a man.

"He's beneath your notice," cried a grave gentleman, dressed in a suit of mourning, with powdered hair and green spectacles; "don't dirty your fingers with him; he's beneath your notice; and you, sirrah

if you don't ask the gentleman's pardon this minute, I'll take the number of your cart, and have you fined; I saw you splash the gentleman on purpose, and that's a breach of the peace." "I humbly ask your pardon," says the rascal." "Why then," says I, "all malice is over." So I turned round to put on my coat; but the well-dressed sharper was off with it. "Stop thief!" says the carman; "I'll catch him; but where can I bring the coat to your honour?" "To that livery stable," I replied, pointing to where my horses stand. "I'll accompany you," said the elderly gentleman in black. "Many thanks," said I; "and, when I have got my coat, I should be happy to offer you a sandwich and a glass of Madeira." The gentleman stopped a quarter of an hour; but the carman did not return. So he made his excuses, that he could not remain any longer, and left me, exchanging cards, and promising to call upon me. I read his card, 'Sir John Jones, Adelphi Hotel.' "You do me honour, Sir John," said I, offering him my hand.

"At this moment the carman came up. "Very sorry, your honour," said he; "but the rascal is too nimble for me." I put my hand in my pocket to give him half-a-crown, when, lo! and behold! my pocket was picked of fourteen pounds, besides silver, my grandmother's gold ring, my watch, a receipt for making blacking, a gold pencil-case, and my gardening knife. "The devil is in London!" cried I. "Why what a burning shame! Botany Bay must be let loose in this quarter of the town: and, would you believe it? (addressing himself more emphatically to me) all the grooms, and the ostler, burst out a laughing." "D—— ye all," cried I, and smacked my whip at 'em; on which they ran off, one crying to another, "what a greenhorn! what a young one! what a spoony! what a cake!" and I don't know what besides.

"I now sent my groom for my bottle-green hunting frock, and mounted my famous roan —cost me two hundred; my man riding a thorough-bred bay. Well, I had not been a

quarter of an hour in Rotten Row, when two Dandies, as I'm told they're called, turned up their noses at me. One took his glass, and measured me from head to foot; and, as I passed by the other, the monkey-thing says to his brother baboon, "where's my country cousin? who have we got from the fens of Lincolnshire? a fine pigeon! mind the country-cut coat, and the mahogany topp'd boots."

"Well, I despised them; and as I was carelessly walking my horse down the ride, with my whip under my arm, I had the misfortune to run it in the eye of a beautiful woman, mounted on a rare bit of blood, and followed by a groom in a crimson and gold livery. "A thousand pardons ma'am, said I; I hope I have not hurt you." "Not much," replied she, in a very sweet voice; so I took off my hat respectfully to her; begged her pardon again and again; and we rode up and down the park twice, and got into a very pleasant conversation.

Just at this moment, cousin Dick, in his

dragoon uniform, gallops up to me, and taking me aside, says he, "don't you know what sort of a lady you are riding with?—just give you a hint—that's all"—and so off he galloped; and thus ended my morning's adventure.

My unfortunate cousin afterwards went out to dinner, and informed me next morning, that he was laced up so tight, in order to be in the fashion, that he could not eat an ounce, and after the Opera, a school-fellow took him to a tavern, where there was private play, and fleeced him of three hundred pounds, for which he gave his bill.

"A pretty three days in London, indeed!" said I. He went home on the fourth; and I trust that his example may be useful to other country cousins, who may be exposed to the same snares. I need not add, that Sir John Jones, of the Adelphi Hotel, was no where to be found, any more than the purse and other articles, which my cousin lost at the time he had the honour to get acquainted with him, though from his descrip-

tion of him, I suspect him to be a practised swindler, almost as well known about town, though I trust not quite so much esteemed, as

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXXIX.

A NEW MODE OF FORMING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

"Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed."

COWPER.

A NEW MODE OF FORMING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

"POOR fellow!" said I to a beautiful spaniel, who was making a most lamentable howling, "thou hast lost thy master. A good master, too, no doubt," continued I, caressing the afflicted animal, whilst the tears run down his face, and he howled and crouched, and looked piteously up to me. I understood his language: it thrilled and vibrated to the notes of compassion; and I felt for a moment so *attendri*, that I wished I had not seen the dog. Still he howled and wept, trembled, and licked my hands: looked complainingly about, and ran to and fro in despair. "Well, poor dumb sufferer,"

cried I, patting him on the head, "thou shalt go home with me, and I will use thee well, until I can find thy master."

Had the dog understood my language, he could not have answered it better. He again fawned upon me, and changed his note to something less mournful: but, taking me by the coat, made motions for me to follow him. I did so, and he bounded with joy. He now led me from Harley Street to White's, from White's to a fashionable bookseller's, thence to an auction-room, and from there to Tattersall's. For three hours was I trudging after the animal, full of the highest interest, and anxiously expecting that he would find his master; but to no purpose. Each disappointment made the poor beast weep, whine, and complain, and I confess I was weak enough to feel it myself; he looked so mournfully in my face, as much as to say, "protect me, don't forsake me, let us try once more!"

I was quite in a flurry about the animal. "What a fool thou art," whispered pride and self-love in my ear. "Not a bit," re-

plied humanity: "it is not beneath the dignity of a man to relieve the smallest insect into which life is infused. I will continue my exertions," said I to myself. The dog still went and came, fawning on me, occasionally encouraging me by a kind of sportiveness, and then distressing me by the accents of grief. "Poor Pedro," said I, "or whatever thy name may be (for I once had a favourite dog of that name), thou shalt not want a good master, whether we succeed or not in this day's search." He looked in my face as though he thanked me. "The dog is certainly the friend of man," said I to myself; "his guard, his companion, his guide in blindness, his willing and grateful slave always." This thought encouraged me to go on. From Tattersall's we went to the House of Parliament. "This is sad work," thought I, "master Pedro: after this, thou must come home with me, for we must both dine." Still did he continue his manœuvres. I began to be quite fatigued, and to grow angry with myself. I could have been angry with the dog; but he con-

tinued to implore my pity; and he was an outcast, he might starve: he might be kicked about, or even come undeservedly to a halter. I felt as if my honour was engaged to support him. His mute misery might escape an unfeeling heart; and, as if I understood it, I was bound to pay attention to it.

At length I saw him fly like a race-horse. I heard him set up a shrill cry of extacy. He ran up to a well-dressed, fashionable man, leaped on him, licked his feet; and then flew backwards and forwards from him to me. "It is his master," said I to myself, exultingly; and had I received the tidings of an inheritance, I could not have been, for a moment, much more delighted. The happy animal now bounded like a roe, and coming up to me, said, in his language, "kind deliverer, man of humanity, my friend and protector, I thank thee; I am happy; I have found my master, my kind, my indulgent master; and I must introduce ye to each other."

I was just opening my mouth to explain how I came by the dog, and to felicitate his

master on finding him, when he prevented me, by saying, "a thousand thanks, my good Sir, for restoring this favourite to me; he was lost, and you have been the means of finding him; had you failed, you have that in your countenance which tells me, that you would have been a friend to this, my humble but faithful companion." We were both about to speak at the same time, and each of us observed the poor fellow's endeavours to introduce us. An inward feeling, better understood by the sensitive bosom, than I am able to express it, drew, by nature's powerful spell, our right arms from their pendant position, extended them towards each other by an invisible agency, opened our hands and our hearts together, and joined both in brotherhood, without a previous reflection seeming to pass in either of our minds.

Thus we met, and shook hands for the first time; thus was I introduced to him who has been the friend of my increasing years, the companion of the summer, and of the autumn of life; and, now that the hoary

AHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR

frost of winter is shed on my locks, that friend of my bosom is unalterably the same. What obligations I owe to the lost dog!

But I cannot conclude the history of Philo (for such was his name) without adding, that his divided attachment to us both is truly worthy of the imitation of many rational bipeds. To me he is invariably obsequious, fond, and attached. I am the second person of his love; but his master is the prime object of his devotion; there, the feeling is undivided; it is dependence, gratitude, fidelity, and submission. How often have the friend of my heart and I conversed on the subject of poor Philo! how often have we amused ourselves by hiding alternately, and by trying his lively and never-erring feelings towards us! From those many a useful lesson might be drawn; and many an intellectual being might blush at the coldness or perversion of reason, contrasted by the warmth, and never-deviating direction of what we denominate instinct. Many an insipid carrier of his perfumed person, many an animal, not above the in-

sect, drawls out his senseless accents, and parades his sensual carcase, with less meaning, with less feeling, and with less utility, than poor Philo, who, compared with such insignificant animals, appears a perfectly rational companion to

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No. LXXX.

ATTENTIONS TO FEMALES.

" They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain."

STILLINGFLEET.

ATTENTIONS TO FEMALES.

WIT is not more difficult to manage, so as to exercise it without giving offence, or without committing some crime against humanity, than that portion of politeness is, which may be considered as a pure attention to the softer sex. Independent of the general urbanity which is due to our equals in society, and which becomes respect and deference to our superiors, condescension and sympathy towards our inferiors, there is a peculiar and exclusive attention due to the fair sex. To make this grateful to every individual, we must steer a clear course betwixt politeness and officiousness, elegant assiduity and marked preference. The for-

mer charms every one without wounding a neighbour; the latter delights but one (even if well received), and gives pain to many. Moreover in creating rivals, it risks rendering the object of our preference a victim to envy and slander.

In the present age has sprung up a species of conduct towards women, which, in its best garb, is unseemly, indelicate and out of place. A beautiful woman is selected in a circle, by some exquisite, of notorious gallantry, for the lady of his evening devotions. Placed by the side of her at about seven or eight o'olock at dinner, or at a later hour in the ball-room, or saloon where the *conversazione* is held, he keeps the broad eye of admiration mingled with the expression of real or of assumed passion glaringly upon her; his glances meet hers at every look; he hangs on her words, feeds on her charms, and keeps up a hot and incessant fire of *petits soins*. He is in the agonies of expectation that her glove or fan may fall in order that he may pick it up, that she may be too warm that he may offer his arm to

conduct her to a cooler situation, or open a window in order to give air to this flower of beauty. He is the first to ask her to dance; pushing, perhaps, through a row of either sex, in order to gratify the selfishness of his pride. His arm is leaping from his side to hand her to a seat, or a place at table. He stands too near her or sits in a state of approximation which offends gracefulness and militates against her convenience. His bold regards fall on her snow-white bosom; or his half smiling, half provoking look fixes her so that she cannot disengage the expression of her features from him, and must either condemn, or approve at once, neither of which is desirable.

This is what the French, who are great offenders in this way, call, "*de faire la cour de près.*" It is too close a connection for elegant, chaste, or moral circles; yet very much in vogue amongst people of *haut ton.* By such conduct, he who would be gallant and polite raises a constant blush on the cheek and bosom of conscious beauty adorned with chastity and simplicity; whilst the

hacknied female flirt is drawn out so as to fix surrounding eyes upon her, to arm the shaft of detraction, and to disgust the mind of delicate discrimination.

The beau who offers up such incense at beauty's shrine, is moreover so occupied, that he is dead to every other feeling of general courtesy, and, perhaps, is downright uncivil to one lady, in order to double the dose of adulation to another. But what is the motive of such conduct? Is it benevolence, the proper basis of politeness? Is it respect for superior merit, whether mental, or personal? Is it the irresistible habit which refinement bestows? No—no—no—none of these. 'Tis rarity, 'tis a wish to be observed, 'tis the desire of carrying off in triumph, as it were, the finest woman in the room; 'tis envy, perchance, which leads him to be first in the field of gallant services, lest some other should supplant him; 'tis, in fine, no honour to himself, no compliment to the lady of his choice. Probably the most hacknied compliments, the most worn out pretty nothings, nay, not unlikely

the most equivocal expressions of devotion and of admiration, are all which he can offer at this statue of symmetrical perfection.

Furthermore there is a species of cruelty in going through this field-day performance of a love review or siege. The weak and inexperienced may suffer from such a man's bold advances; some youthful heart may ache or bleed to gratify the pride and folly of a coxcomb; she may mistake for unequalled attachment, the mere amorous cant of a profligate; may consider as the language of chaste and immutable devotion, the worn out tricks of a male flirt, or the vicious speculation of an abandoned libertine.

Whilst all this is going on, what a sin against politeness is committed towards the other part of the circle! This portion of the circle are either treated like coffee-house company; or if there be something more than meets the eye and ear, something more than is discovered by the mind of innocence, the society is sinned against in a still grosser way.

I do not mean either to laud or to tole-

rate your insipid movers in drawing-rooms, who pay their idolatry to themselves, who look vacantly in the countenance of a lady, who smile for a compliment, vapour for applause, or grimace from self-approval only; that mawkish mixture of conceit and idleness which finds it too troublesome to be attentive to any one in particular: but there is a huge difference betwixt such impertinents, such drowsy drawlers, such lisping lumber, and the man of fashion, politeness and attraction; and the distance from him again to the unprincipled gallant is equally great.

Where is the medium? It is where politeness, resting on philanthropy and adorned by the last touch of polish, takes its stand, where *l'usage du monde* has not only perfected what natural sensibility first begun; where good breeding is only the representative of a good heart, and where a general wish not only to please, but to do good, is apparent in every action; for I rank amongst good works the smile that welcomes the stranger, the hand that leads

timidity to a higher seat, the preventing judgment that foresees another's wants, that ministers to another's convenience, that places the neglected at their ease. I prize, beyond description, that manly breast which is alive to the unprotectedness of woman, and which glows and swells with a desire to support, to defend, to cherish and to assist her,—that well organized mind, which, admiring beauty, looks on it as sensibility does on the rose, that is, with so much love and respect for nature, and, above all, for the God of nature's works, that he refrains from ruffling its leaves, or soiling the lustre of its gloss, and would rather relinquish the triumph of being adorned by such a trophy, than rudely tear it from the bosom of its mother earth, where it blooms so prosperously.

The attention of such a man must be gratifying to all women, because to all he means well. His kindness is more refined, civilities are all intrinsic; whilst the services of the fop are tinsel, or as Boileau says "*faux brillans, et morceaux de verre.*"

At the same time, far be it from me to condemn that exclusive devotion which sincere love dedicates to the object of its affection; to preclude such a sensation would be to neglect beauty, and to insult nature. But I very much doubt whether drawing-rooms and assemblies, balls and public places, are the proper theatres for exhibiting such a feeling; though I am willing to acknowledge that a side long-glance, a stolen smile of approbation, the downcast eye of rapturous respect, may convey quite sufficient telegraphic intelligence to young hearts, to fill them with delight without neglecting any individual in company, or breaking the laws of politeness and propriety; and in such cases they may always be sure, not only of escaping the censure, but commanding the sympathy of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXXXI.

WHAT WE MEET WITH EVERY DAY.

"Vain's his attempt who tries to please them all."

YOUNG.

WHAT WE MEET WITH EVERY DAY.

"A VERY large party at Mr. Churley's yesterday," said I to Lady Canker, as I accosted her at a sale of Robins's. "Large enough," replied she; "I thought the people would never cease coming; but I never passed a more disagreeable evening in my life." "How so," said I, "I am sure both Mr. and Mrs. Churley did every thing in their power to make us happy; neither expense nor trouble was spared; upon my word I really think them a very good natured couple." "Yes, that is just what I complain of,—two good natured people, or in other words, two very stupid simpletons, without order, without taste, and without

economy. I will be bound that their dinner cost twice as much as it would in a well organized establishment, and yet nobody was pleased at it; nay, one half of the town is laughing at the good natured pair, and the other half is pitying them. I'm sure they are running out fast: but they will give great set dinners."

"I assure your ladyship," replied I, "that I am in neither of the halves which you mention of the town. Far from laughing at Mr. or Mrs. Churley, or even pitying them, I feel grateful for their hospitality, and only regret their want of success in not pleasing all their guests. I saw not a single fault to find, except that the dinner was not served up quite so hot as it might have been. But pray what are the great defects which you complain of; as it would be well for your friends to provide against them when they have the honour of your company to a repast?" "Come, come," said she, "don't be severe; I am the easiest person to please in the world; and I beg that you won't quote me for having picked this heteroge-

neous banquet to pieces. I only say that people who don't understand how to entertain, and are not over rich, should never attempt it; that's all; but pray don't say I make this remark; all I mean is, that I like order and propriety, arrangement and taste, good sense and understanding; that's all."

"And a great deal too," resumed I; "but I must beg, for information sake, to be told the faults and failures in this entertainment." "Why, I was poisoned, stupified, put in the vapours, and my patience tried a dozen times at least. Nor was I the only person thus annoyed. Lord Slanderall was near falling asleep, during the cold, lengthy and insipid dinner. The Alderman complained that he could get nothing to eat." "What?" said I, "in two courses and removes consisting of about thirty dishes?" "Thirty drugs," exclaimed her ladyship; "all was odious and ill cooked, and Sir Philander Flirt says, that the variety of wines exhibited a variety of defects. Then, no *savoir vivre*, no *talent de société*, no judi-

cious putting together. Could any thing be more preposterous than to set Lady Goldfinch opposite her husband, whose hawk-like eye was never off her? and to put the gouty colonel by Miss Minx, and her lover young Dangle a mile from her? and to separate Lady Charlotte from Captain Jessamine? I thought she would have gone into hystericks, and Jessamine was as sombre as a mute at a burial. Then her husband being placed near the deaf Bishop, he had no opportunity of showing off his shallow wit, nor of making the second-hand puns and plagiary remarks sported with so much effrontery as his own. In short, nobody was happy, nobody at ease."

"Well," said I, "you are not less merciless to your friends who composed the dinner circle, than you are to the donor of the feast." "Friends!" interrupted she: "Antideluvian, ultramontane stuff! I should like to see friends at a drawing-room, or any where else in high life." "And so should I," said I; "but to the point, tell us *les grands défauts* of this well-meant entertainment."

"A thousand!" replied her ladyship: "nothing but blunders, misplacings, misconceptions, and stupidity. The dinner was cold; the wine was tepid; the ice was half liquefied; the pines were sour; and there was such a pause between the services, that I always thought we had come to a premature end, or that a porter was sent out to borrow cash on which depended the fate of our poor stomachs." "Oh! that is too bad!" exclaimed I; "but go on."

"Then the liveried animals waited so awkwardly, that I foresaw the fracture of a decanter, or the overturning of a dish at every move. There was a fellow of a *tea-groom* who attended on me, and smelt so offensively of the stable that he turned my stomach. I recognized the gardener's phiz; and perceived that his hands were dirty. The confectioner's boy was drunk; and the old porter waddled round the table so clumsily, that he set me a laughing, the only time my risible muscles felt inclined to move all the evening. The second coachman gave Lord Languid a plate without a nap-

kin: I detected the peer's disdainful look at his red fists, for he is the proudest man in christendom. In short, out of six would-be laquays, there was but one real servant; and this to wait on eighteen or twenty people."

"The first counterfeit which I detected was the plate. There were as many animals on the spoons, vases, wine coolers and terrenes, as are described in an encyclopedia,—lions, doves, griffins, boars' heads, eagles, turbaned moors, and men in armour; all in a larger proportion than the bare arm and broken spear (Mr. Churley's assumed crest).—Apropos, some say that his great grandfather was a butcher, on which account this sanguinary ensign is adopted by the family. Others suppose that it is taken in compliment to his mother, a lady who was very fond of *bringing matters to a point*, and who carried it with a *very high hand* with her henpecked husband. There is, however, one advantage in new titles; they stand on so recent a record that there can be no doubting, or mistaking of them."

"The porcelaine was from Piccadilly, and the lustres from Fleet-street: they are old acquaintance of mine, for I have met them this winter in a dozen places at least. One half of the dinner was dressed by a she cook, and was odious; the other half came from the tavern, and wanted warming again. Some of the wine was just imported from the wine merchant's, and was shaken as if it had been prepared for us *patients* by an apothecary; and our host disappeared twice, in order (as Mr. Farley told me) to fetch some old port out of his cellar, not chusing to trust his butler."

"But the worst of all was, that Mrs. Churley was officiously, and troublesomely attentive; whilst her husband, aping the ease of a man of *bon ton*, who can leave every thing to his well ordered establishment, did nothing but look insipid, and tell long stories; and he so ladyshiped Lady —— what's her ugly name, whose husband was knighted for being an address-bearer, that it was quite disgusting. The Pompadour liveries gave a finish to the business."

When her ladyship came to this close of her kind and charitable account, I was about to tell her my mind pretty freely; but at this moment Mrs. Churley appeared at the auction. Lady Canker went up to her with a treacherous smile, shook her by the hand, called her entertainment delightful, and informed her that the pleasure of meeting her prevented her from calling on her, to inquire how she was after the fatigues of her hospitable and enchanting party. I could bear this no longer, but withdrew.

How foolishly do people daily expend large sums on their ungrateful guests, deranging the tranquillity of their families, turning (to use a vulgar phrase) their house out of the window, hiring ornaments and displacing furniture, merely to become the laughing-stock of some scandalous circle, the envy of the humbler, the scoff of the proud and great. It would be well for many ambitious ones in private life, if they left these banquets and other entertainments to those whose family plate, princely furni-

ture, and expensive establishments, are fitted for such displays of costly magnificence. It would be better for them still, if, when inclined to open their houses and to feast their acquaintances, they would be as scrupulous about *who* they invite, as they are about what they are to give them; and how they are to eclipse other silly treat-makers, who oftener feed the slander and malevolence of the party, than they feast a friendly guest, or meet with a generous return. As for me, who from being a bachelor, am of course frequently indebted to the hospitality of my acquaintance, I always consider that whatever may be the entertainment I may meet with, the intention with which I am invited to partake of it is obligation quite sufficient to claim the gratitude of

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No. LXXXII.

IRISH RETALIATION,
OR WITHDRAWING A BOW.

" 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart."

MORRIS.

IRISH RETALIATION.

Mr. O— is the kindest of human beings; but that kindness is so blended with susceptibility, that it is an incessant source of extacy and agony to him; and these two feelings are often so closely allied, that they succeed each other as quickly as the roar of the thunder follows the flash.

Such transitions from hot to cold, must naturally produce a mighty conflict in any human breast; and in none is it more potent than in that of the generous and benevolent Mr. O., generous to a fault, and benevolent to a perfect forgetfulness of himself.

And here, if I may be permitted a digres-

sion, why does the young and inexperienced Hibernian often make bulls in word and in deed, and, not unfrequently, stammer in his delivery? It is because passion outsails judgment, because his fancy is too quick to keep pace with his reflective powers, because rapid conception seizes that object which reason has not time to digest.

Into these snares does my friend Mr. O. incessantly fall; and no one suffers more severely from the self-punition of fruitless regret, and the tardy *ex post facto* evidence of his sentence given, not *in foro conscientiæ*, but *in foro sapientiæ*, against himself.

He once lost a friend by kindly inquiring after his wife, who had made an Acteon of him, first by presenting him with the characteristic head ornament, and secondly by sending him to the dogs, in the way of pecuniary circumstances. At another time he got into a duel, and received a wound, merely for declaring his political creed to be what he considered his friend's *profession politique*, but which he had changed in consequence of a golden dream. On a third

occasion he was bruised almost to death by the populace, for an act of disinterested humanity. Seeing a carter beat his horse most unmercifully, he went up to him, and expostulated with more than ordinary warmth, enlarging on the cruelty of his conduct, and showing him that it was impossible for the poor, jaded, half-fed animal to ascend the hill, with so heavy a burthen. Pat's heart bled at the raw state of the poor dumb sufferer's withers; and, putting his shoulder under the shafts, regardless of his dress, or of the laughing multitude gathered round him, he swore he would rather carry the load himself, than allow the "poor horse" to struggle another second under it; recommending, in very strong terms, to the carter to put his own shoulder on the opposite side, and thus, to ease the panting animal.

As this recommendation, however, partook more of the imperative than of the optative mood, the carman ran restive, and would neither lead nor drive; and on Mr. O—'s (indulging in tropes and figures) coming to the unsavory similies of an obstinate

mule! and a confounded ass, he opened the flood-gates of his abuse upon his accuser, called him a jack-ass, in his turn, told him that he and the horse might pull together if they liked it (a horse laugh from the populace), and ended by a phillippic against the land of potatoes; which caused a second laugh, and loud applause from some brother carters arrived on the spot.

To have his humanity, his pride, and his country, "though last, not least," but, rather, most in his dear love, attacked and wounded at the same time, was more than Mr. O— could endure. Accordingly, he collared the carter, broke his cane over his back, gave him a black eye, and knocked him down. At this juncture, the brother carters came into play, set upon Mr. O—, left him speechless on the ground, his watch trampled under foot, his hat lost, his clothes torn, his face disfigured; and with the prospect of being called on to pay damages, for the assault which his zeal in the cause of humanity had led him to commit.

He had scarcely recovered from his bruis-

es, when, riding in the Park, he passed the carriage of a lady, whom he had, the night before, in coming out of the Opera House, extricated from the peril of a vicious pair of horses. He was delighted at seeing the fair object whom he had delivered from such danger; and, galloping up to the carriage, was in the act of making his best bow, when she drew up the glass, and looked out of the opposite window; having been informed that he was a young Hibernian, who was rapidly going through his fortune; and therefore she concluded, intended to repair it by looking out for another. He paused a second time; and the carriage was nearly out of sight, when, putting spurs to his horse, he overtook and stopped it, tapped at the window, and said, "Madam, I am come to withdraw my bow, and to say, I should be very sorry to be any better acquainted with you." He then flew off, half pleased with his revenge, but as much disgusted with the lady, as he had been tenderly interested for her, the preceding evening.

His last mal-adventure was with a *par-*

venu, who, whilst without fortune, was very intimate with him, but who after coming into an immense estate, assumed consequence, and received him as coldly as he would have done a yesterday's acquaintance. On my friend's crying out, at their rencontre, "my dear fellow! I am enjoyed to meet you," the other drew back and replied, "How do you do, Sir?" (the Sir very impressive.) "How do I do!" exclaimed the Hibernian; "why I do like a fool, in acknowledging you; it is making very free with myself (a pause) to be so intimate; you're just what I always took you for, (this was a practical bull, because he took him for a good fellow, else would he not have taken him to his friendship), and you shall hear more of my opinion to-morrow." He came to me to complain of the treatment he had received, and to avow his resolution of demanding satisfaction for it. I answered him in the words of the well known epigram:

"When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
"Of late, he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf.
"You wonder that he don't remember me;
"Why so? You see he has forgot himself."

Any one who knows the Irish character, will not be surprized at this quotation reconciling my worthy friend to himself, and consequently very soon after to his neighbour. A joke, a look, a word, or a bumper, will do either at any time with a thorough-bred Hibernian; and the performance of such good offices very often falls to the lot of

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No. LXXXIII.

A ROUT.

" There envy shows her sullen mien
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate,
There malice stabs, with rage serene,
In deadly silence, treacherous friendships wait."

MARRIOT,

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

A ROUT.

Lady Clarissa Damer's party was elegant in the extreme. There was a degree of *récherché* in every thing, the furniture, decorations, rare flowers and plants, the music, the lighting up and the attendants. The party itself consisted of the very cream of fashion, and the crowd was immense, which is a *sine qua non* in an assembly that is to give added celebrity to the person who entertains.

Her ladyship was posted in a situation convenient and advantageous for receiving her company; yet she was neither spoken to, nor even seen by one fourth of her party. Indeed many of them never attempted to

approach her, whilst others just put themselves in her way so as to be seen, or made a passing obeisance to her. A very few bestowed some short common-place conversation on her, and then passed on, as if to some other object which they had in view, whilst she seemed like a statue placed for admiration, or for curiosity; and was by turns motionless, by turns employed in bowing, nodding, smiling, playing her fan, and in answering "how d'ye do's," "a charming party," "uncommonly warm," and the like queries and observations. Often, indeed, she seemed to act and speak mechanically, and evidently took little interest in this *trite* kind of conversation. Pride and fatigue seemed to have a great struggle in her ladyship's mind and frame, and there was something very constrained and unnatural in her efforts to please.

Having paid my devoirs to her ladyship, I now cast a look round, and I found as great a variety of occupations, of business and of pleasure mixed, as much ease, independence, and variety, as one could expect to

meet with at a coffee house on the Continent, or at the most crowded exchange, "Can this be an at home, or a rout?" cried I to myself; "'tis more like a public room, or a change house."

Some groupes were busily employed in a tale of scandal, in which the principal actor held forth to an admiring circle; others crowded round a gaming table, where avarice, anxiety, envy, hatred, ambition, self-interest, and all the evil passions seemed to preside. Lady Clarissa passed by the table once, and, on a second occasion stopped and looked over the game. The first time not an eye was turned towards her, the second, a sidling kind of motion like infantry taking ground to the right or left by a sidestep, admitted her approach, which none, however, seemed to welcome, being all intent on the macao table. They notwithstanding either smiled in spite of their teeth, bowed without respect, or pantomimed some token of civility, with eyes averted from her ladyship, and eagerly fixed on the chance of a card. It was here evident that a *knave* had

more interest than all the kings and queens in Europe. The French remark, that, "*Il n'y a pas de fête, où le cœur n'y est pas,*" certainly did not hold good; for here was a most splendid fête, and the heart was not of the party.

Further on was an assemblage of whist tables conducted with the gravity of the Areopagus. An undivided attention to the game, and a dead silence prevailed. Triumph shown on some countenances, whilst discomfiture, gloom, and despondency reigned in others; yet there was feigned composure on many a brow. A battered baronet affected an indolent indifference with respect to his losses, whilst his lady would fain have assumed a cheerfulness which however it mocked and baffled all her efforts to exhibit.

The countess dowager rose up like a general, after the losing of a pitched battle; and the old banker scolded his wife in right earnest for leading a thirteenth card:— "Can this be a party of pleasure?" said I again to myself.

In another room, there was a general promenading, the parties in which seemed all quite unconcerned about the owner of the house; whilst some tête-à-têtes in corners, or in the embrasures of windows, were, as it were, quite out of the world, seeming absent to all present, and entirely devoted to *les interêts du cœur*: these couples certainly did not come to Lady Clarissa.

Single characters now crowded in, fluttered, flirted, went through a sort of manual exercise of airs and affectation, nodded at their acquaintance, and then disappeared after a few minutes. These were the insects of fashion, who just appeared in a ray of sunshine, to make up the picture of high life, and who are neither interesting to, nor interested by any one. Some characters came in with a disdainful, unfeeling, coffee-house air and lounge, making evidently a convenience of their acquaintance's house, and hurrying up to that set or party to which they considered themselves to belong: clearly visiting this mansion for no other purpose; whilst the flutterers only came for fashion and a name.

More than one insipid looked listless, unsatisfied, drowsy, fatigued, and scarcely concealed a yawning countenance and a vacant mind, seeming as if obliged to be present by the tyranny of *haut ton*, or to fill up a vacuum in vacúo, a vacancy in the great blank of life.——"Is this an evening's amusement?" thought I to myself, "or an affair of business and of gain to some, of constraint and indifference to others?"

I now observed some quitting the card-table, and others entering the ball-room; some taking refreshments and talking politics with a supercilious air, and others breaking up a billing and cooing match, and joining unwillingly, and with disgust, the main body of fashion's host, in which they served *contre cœur*.

And now broken fragments of conversation came upon my ear from different dramatis personæ of the farce, and from different quarters of the splendid dome.——"Poor Lady Clarissa!" cried a lady, who neither loved, or pitied her;" she will be quite worn out with this party; I wonder that

at her age (the lady, although greatly made up, was the oldest of the two) she does not give up these very large parties; I would not have her fatigue this night for the Duke of Norfolk's fortune." "I never saw her look so ill in my life," exclaimed a withering belle, who made this remark without the least apparent regard for her ladyship, or anxiety on the subject; "she will certainly sacrifice her health to her immeasurable love of notoriety." "She does look very ill indeed," replied an assenting sycophant, who seemed to be a shade of the superb dame of quality who spoke last. "She don't think so," observed an evergreen sprig of superannuated celibacy and quality; "all those jewels, and all that *récherché* in her toilette were not put on for nothing." "I really have not seen her ladyship to-night, nor did I come to see her," said an insipid of the highest class, "she and I have scarcely spoken since our quarrel at the Argyle rooms; but she is afraid of not asking me, and I came here to meet what Hamlet calls "metal more attractive." Here a general titter of applause announced that se-

verity was the order of the night, and at that, many joined in the sentiments of the last speaker.

"You're very late," exclaimed a fine woman of forty, to a young officer of the guards; "I began to think (with some agitation) that you had forgotten me." "That is impossible," lisped out the militaire; "I am sure I came for nothing else but to meet you." Here madam gave him her arm and they walked into the dancing room in a very busy flirtation.——"Is it possible that these can be Lady Clarissa's friends?" said I to myself; "or rather is she not imposed upon by the whole party."

Lady Pam has made a good thing of it to-night, observed a gouty nobleman who would have been better at home than in such a crowd. "To be sure," replied Mrs. Sham; she came here in the way of business, just as our friend the general came with no other view than the supper, (very kind of them! thought I) as Lady Augusta came merely to keep an appointment, and old Lady Insincere to scrape acquaintance with young Goldfinch, with the view of getting

off her daughters, for you know she hates Lady Clarissa, and her ladyship is not much in her debt that way." "Then I believe," cried Sir Sincere Sneer, "this is the only debt which her ladyship has paid for these last ten years? (a laugh)."

I now observed Lady Clarissa particularly attentive to an unfashionable looking grave man. "Pray who may that be?" asked I of a middle-aged lady who is a walking chronicle of scandal, but a court calendar and west end of the town directory as to all the fashionables in the highest circles." "Oh"! replied she, "don't you know? Why her ladyship is more anxious to please that person than the whole party put together; the man is connected with a fashionable newspaper, and you may expect such a puff to-morrow as will blind one half the town, and fill the other with envy, hatred and all uncharitableness. But I see Mrs. Matchem, who owes me nine guinea points; I must throw myself in her way to get paid, for great wits have short memories; so good night to you!"

A very great portion of disgust now took possession of my mind; and as I did not come for the supper, I withdrew about two o'clock, just when it was announced.—— "Is there one person here present," thought I to myself, "who is either a friend to the lady of the house, or who comes here for the purpose of innocent or rational amusement? Here are persons who have made a gaming house of the scene, and others a place of appointment, and a convenient spot for intrigue; some come from ill-nature to censure their acquaintance; others to get a good supper; some from idleness, and others from mere fashion. Yet will this card party, ball, and supper, cost many hundred pounds; and, if her ladyship feel great inconvenience in paying for the treat, she will be only the more laughed at, and cut up by all these *kind friends*, as Mrs. Churley was by Lady Canker,"—and full of these reflections off walked

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N°. LXXXIV.

TEMPER.

"Her darling china in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent."

YOUNG.

TEMPER.

"Of all the miseries in life, no one is equal to that of having an awkward servant," said Lady St. Florence, as I entered her boudoir. "What is the matter?" said I. "Matter!" she repeated in an angry tone: "why matter enough to make one mad: an illiterate, uncultivated wretch! but I have dismissed him."—"Dismiss your anger and care along with him," said I; "for they sit ill on that polished brow." She tried to smile, but passion had frightened the graces away; her fair forehead looked knitted and severe; her dark bewitching eyes flashed fire; the lily of her bosom was disfigured by a deep suffusion of

crimson; her breast heaved tumultuously; and, in a word, all her fascinations disappeared, and left an expression of wickedness which quite alarmed me.

"But what has poor John done?" inquired I. "Poor John!" exclaimed she: "why daily some horrible thing or other: he is more stupid than an owl, and only fit to eat hay, like a coach-horse."—"Humanity, humanity, my dear lady," said I; "these words become not those lips; nor (pardon me for preaching) do they exactly suit the softness of your ladyship's sex, nor the rank which you hold in society."—"Nonsense," answered she, catching up a fan, and rattling it betwixt her fingers, until she cracked the sticks. Here her lap-dog approached her; and she kicked him. "Troublesome beast!" cried she; "as great a brute as the footman."

At this instant the unfortunate delinquent appeared at the door, which he held half open in his hand. "If you please, my lady," he uttered in a plaintive and humble tone. "Leave the room, monster!" vociferated

her ladyship. He obeyed. She now flirted her broken fan, fidgeted on her seat, threw the wreck of this five guinea toy from her, and gasped with rage.

"My dear Lady St. Florence," said I, "calm yourself: I may presume to offer advice, for I am old enough to be your father." She recovered a little. "You know," continued I, "that I have had you an infant on my knee, a hundred times, and that I valued your mother as though she were my sister."—"I know it," said she, hastily. "And," continued I, "it grieves me to the heart to see you thus give up your reason, surrender your consequence, and abandon all self-possession to the ungovernable empire of passion. Look," concluded I, taking her gently by the hand, "look in that mirror: how unlike that is to Lady St. Florence." She tried to smile: "how unlike little Sophy, the prettiest child I ever saw in my life."—"You're a good creature," said she, whilst her respiration became thick and unequal. I led her to the sofa; and she burst into tears.

Her tears relieved her; her bright eyes beamed again with their usual lustre, and shone "like April suns in showers;" her gentle smile returned; the rose and lily resumed their wonted places; her troubled bosom beat with a gentler motion: like the wave, whose angry agitation is appeased, and which resumes its usual course, whilst its white foam sparkles in the solar beam, and dies away by degrees when all is calm. "Now," said I, "you are yourself again." —"I'm too passionate," exclaimed she, with regret mingled with a little too much remaining vivacity. "I always was so; you know it."—"True," replied I; "but time and self-control may get over that."—"I hope so," said she, putting her hand in mine, and exhibiting a lingering crystal, of the finest lustre, in one corner of her eye.

"But let me intercede for poor John," I continued: "he is young, a country lad, very humble, very contrite for what he has done: don't turn him away."—"Yes, I will," replied she, hastily, all her anger returning. "Gently, gently," said I: "do not

flurry yourself. But what is this unpardonable fault which he has committed?"—"A thousand," answered she; and again the rose, the lily, the diamond lustre of her eye, that sweet composure which is the finish to female beauty, smiles, dimples, and kindly expression, all were flown. "First (I dared not interrupt her, it would have made matters worse); first"—(her dog returned, and licked her hand). "That's a good lesson from the brute creation to man," observed I, smiling and shaking my head; "it is good returned for evil, kindness in exchange for injury, unaltered love in the midst of ill usage." She patted the dog on the head, and looked grave; half recovered herself, and proceeded.

"First, he is as awkward as a bear." "That's his misfortune," said I. "As stupid as an ass." "The effect of fright, perhaps," replied I—"knows nothing of his business" —"may improve in time." "My dear sir," exclaimed she (a little more of the fury returning), "you are quite the man's advocate." This was unanswerable; so I waved

it by saying, "proceed my dear lady, and proceed calmly." "In the first place, he was half an hour answering my bell, and, in my anger I broke it." "That's a pity." "He next brought me a letter in his vulgar fist, instead of on a salver, and I threw it at him." "There you degraded yourself." "He picked it up, and took it down stairs. I called him back, told him he was an idiot, and bid him lay it on the table." "I am sorry for it," said I. "He then trod on the dog: I ordered him to leave the room."

"Continue." "He next denied me to the Colonel." "That was a great mistake;" —"and he let in all my duns"—"that was still worse." "Then the disfiguring passion into which he put me!"—"Aye, that is the worst of all," replied I. "Therefore, am I not right to part with him?" "Yes, certainly, unless you can restrain your anger; but (on which word I leant great stress), if Lady St. Florence could forgive him, could assume a mildness with him and all her servants, and could conquer herself, it would be the noblest conquest of her life. She

would then be all perfection, and the promise made by her pleasing features would be fully kept by the heart.

"I will never be in a passion again, my dear friend," exclaimed she; "and I will pardon John, and keep him." "I feel personally obliged," said I; "and I shall be more than gratified, if you will keep your promise of never giving way to passion again." She repeated it; and I parted from her with a most parental sensation. But alas! I am not always at her elbow; and, if I were, the storm may rise too high, at some future period, to be weathered by an aged pilot's interposition and guidance. Anger is like the lightning's flash: it is rapid and destructive; the wholesome showers often succeed it too late to stop its fatal effects; the flame is lit; the conflagration has taken place; the shower succeeds, but 'tis to no purpose. Thus are injuries inflicted, and impressions made under the influence of anger, which time and tears will not eradicate or wash away.

Lady St. Florence has lost many friends

by the violence of her temper. She cannot keep a servant one month; her character is stamped as a fury, a virago; and her bad name has gone abroad, although her heart is excellent. The scrapes she gets into are innumerable; the exposures, many and vexatious. I recollect her fainting away at a ball, because she thought that the Colonel (who by the bye will not marry her, on account of her temper), slighted her, by preferring another partner. At Lady Vantrump's card party, she worked herself into hysterics, from the mortification of her losses; and at the Argyle, she so pouted, and flounced, at being contradicted by her aunt, that she broke the lace of her corset, and was forced to withdraw, amid the sneers of an envious scrutinizing party.

Of all woman's triumphs, the triumphs over the temper are the greatest. They are such as survive age, as give grace in sickness, and as bestow dignity under the sharpest adversity. They ensure felicity here, and point at immortality. A lovely face gains by the constant presence of good hu-

mour. A countenance of placidity and equanimity, can repel the shafts of envy, turn the current of malevolence, gain esteem even from an enemy, and fix for life the love and admiration of a partner or friend. I am convinced that if my female readers were acquainted with the subject of these lines, if they beheld her natural beauties put to flight by the approach of passion, if they had observed her, as I did, on the occasion just stated, they would require no moral lecture, no serious homily, no friendly expostulation, in order to induce them to govern themselves: their dearest interest would incline them to it; and their own experience would enable them to confirm the remarks of

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N°. LXXXV.

AFFINITY BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS WRITINGS.

" Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master piece is writing well."

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

AFFINITY BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS WRITINGS.

It is a general, and a very plausible opinion, that a man's disposition and habits may be known by his gait, or even by his knocking at a door, and by his hand-writing.

The dashing lounger, the military high drilled martinet, the bustling man of business, the boasting, swaggering bully, and the drawling insect which crawls along in the idlest and laziest manner, may all be thus analysed. Then again the thundering rattle of, real or assumed, consequence, at a door, the moderate, or man of fashion knock, the tradesman's pert double or treble rap, the dun's knock, and the *pauvre honteux*,

shabby, genteel, reduced gentleman, or petitioning lady, with an equivocal something, between the shopman's single, and the gentleman's repeated knock, all bear with them the character of the performer. Lastly, the taper elegant hand of a polished writer, who weighs his sentence ere he commit it to paper, whose leisure is at command, and who writes for pastime, or for *les intérêts du cœur*, is very distinct from the rake in high life's light, easy, running hand, leaning towards the object of his epistle, and dashing away on paper, just as he flirts along on horseback, whirls in fashion's airy circle in town, or darts through his property in double quick time. Still more different are the hand of the man of business, either like copper-plate, or complex, in order to avoid imitation; the round hand of the novice; the cramped letters of the professional man, or pedant; and the blotted, blurred, confused, and illegible scroll of the blockhead. Interlineations, again, bespeak two characters, either the paper-skulled scribe, or the wit of rapid and teeming conception, brim-

full of talent mingled with volatility, and whose ideas flow too fast for his pen, whilst his levity cannot submit to revision, or to transcription.

But of these, enough. These are mere manner: we now pass to the more solid consideration, namely, matter. Every man's writings, like a mirror, more or less reflect himself.

In the spring of youth, the light, the gay, the airy and seductive, the amatory and attractive, generally occupy the juvenile author's pen; or, if he incline towards science, hypothesis and novelties allure his imagination, and engross his time. In the summer of his years, his prospects are highly gilded, flushed with the brightest tints, and coloured too gaudily, whilst the scintillations of his wit, flash and disappear without leaving any lasting effect behind them; they fall like the arrows of the young bowman, promiscuously wounding friend and foe, and missing the direction which they either were meant to take, or the centre to which alone wisdom and propriety would have directed them.

In religious matters, the juvenile pen is loose and bold, neglectful and slurring: in politics, it is violent, prejudiced, and marks the zealot.

Autumn steals on imperceptibly, bringing with it coolness and reflection; the ardent ray is more sober; the colouring of the landscape is not so gay, but more mellow; the high varnish of the picture fades; and the exuberance of foliage, like prosperous pride, is scattered by the breeze, and lies prostrate at our feet. The glittering of every object in life's meridian is reduced, as opinion moderates in the mind; yet are there certain perfections of this season, mingled with disappointments and regret. Every writer, who has attained the autumn of his days, will look back at the diminished ardor of his noviciate; will see his errors, reflect on his misconceptions, change his theories, regret his positive assertions. He will mingle morality with every page, and balance ere he venture on any novelty subversive of religion, or at variance with philanthropy. He will find that order is often

superior to brilliancy; good sense more valuable than wit; information more eligible than amusement; perspicuity preferable to eloquence; and the explanatory more beneficial than the descriptive. Every honest man would wish to take for his motto—*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.* But, alas! it is, sometimes too late. Gay nonsense has passed the press; poisonous principles have fallen from our pen; immorality has received our signature, and impiety has been stamped with our name! Even then, do we see the elderly author slipping out of the labyrinth of his errors, lopping and priming the redundancies of imagination, retouching imperfect expression, and giving a gloss to erroneous ideas. We behold daily recantations, explanations, apologies, corrections, and reprintings—all emblematical of the man who writes, all so many apologetical offerings to wounded feeling, or to an offended public. How such men are to be pitied! for, as "*Nescit vox missa reverti,*" so cannot the printed letter be recalled, however anxious, or regretful, the altered author may feel.

Whilst tracing these hasty and imperfect lines, too transient and too unfinished to merit much, I feel the practical truth of what I have here asserted. I look back to the days of youth, and fain would cancel half what I have done! Every stage of life offers some lesson of amelioration, every path, every view, and every bower, upbraids me with a step of error. "*Dum relego mihi scripsissi pudet.*" But the way cannot be measured back. It is, therefore, indubitably clear, that the autumn of life should bring with it a maturity of morality, correct the effervescence of youth, and give useful coolness to the mind and to the pen. Should we fall precipitately into winter, without it, the rapid change may be fatal. The chilled imagination, frozen heart, and palsied hand, can neither wield the truncheon nor the pen. It is then too late to execute—perhaps even too late to repent. Be warned, then, my readers, before that period arrive, by the well-meant admonitions of

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No. LXXXVI.

HALF PAY.

" And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles."

SHAKESPEARE.

HALF PAY.

"PEACE being proclaimed," said an old friend, as we were sitting over our wine, "I became an idle man. For a time I was delighted with visiting my acquaintance and nominal friends. Novelty (for I had long been abroad) increased the pleasure which I experienced in viewing domestic objects; but a very little time rendered them uninteresting, and *ennui* soon obtained possession of me: hung like a mildew on my prospects, and made me long once more for the tented field, the changing quarters, the uncertainty, nay, the very dangers of military life.

Sauntering down the Mall, in St. James's

Park, my thoughts took a successive glance at the past and present; for the past and present form the whole of our life. The past may be regretful; the present unsatisfactory; but the future (which is the third and last state of man) is always fearfully obscure, and awfully beyond our reach.

"Looking on the right and left, I espied a number of military men. The blue ornamented great coat, black silk handkerchief round the neck, fixed spur, and dowlass trowsers, announced the dismounted dragoon. The grey surtout and pantaloon, less easy air, and less affected style, showed the infantry officer, reduced, like the former, on half-pay, with Wellingtons, un-spurred. Both had issued from first floors in Suffolk Street, back rooms, about the Adelphi and Strand, or hiding places in the suburbs,

> "Wand'ring along, not knowing what they sought,
> And whist'ling as they went, for want of thought."

"I could easily distinguish the different nations amongst my reduced (not reformed—that is a foreign word, and very foreign to the purpose) brethren in arms. The Eng-

lishman appeared resigned, though not quite satisfied. The Irishman looked doubtful and restless : he was boxing the compass at every moment, hoping that a favourable breeze might spring up and bring a prize in some shape; and above all, he was erecting his crest, throwing forward his broad chest, setting off his well proportioned shoulders, and viewing his sinewy legs, as much as to say "am I not a fine looking fellow; surely some of the *leedies* will be taking a fancy to me." The Scotchman seemed to bend to circumstances, to stoop to his fate; to throw off the soldier, and to assume the citizen and civilian: he looked as if a *guid* story, an act of politeness, a happy hit, or some unforeseen fortune, might ameliorate his lot. He felt that in war, and in his accounts with mankind, he stood square and unimpeached; and he waited for the turn of fortune's wheel in his favor. Poor but proud; humble, but above those degrading shifts of exigence, by which many bright and brave men from other countries

are ruined. Sandy is aye discreet, moderate, calculating and cool.

"Whilst all this ran in my head; and whilst I was contemplating the round, blue-eyed, fair-haired, independent head of paid-off John Bull; the fine aquiline nose, sharp forehead, fiery eye, projecting lip, dark hair, changeful and jealous expression, and somewhat mutinous countenance of half-pay brother Pat; and the cold, white, high-cheek-boned, grey eyed, yet courteous, seemly face of cautious Donald, or Sandy, placed on the reduced establishment or (involuntarily) retired list, a scene interesting to my feelings casually took place. I beheld a military man, discernable as such though in coloured clothes, sitting on a bench, his back against one arm of it, and his feet extended on the seat, seemingly expressing, here I am; I am put on half pay; I come here for some hours in the day; I ruminate on past dangers, and on past glory; I frame memorials in my head, which either end in nothing, or, if sent, serve to light the minister's

tapers, I will take a pinch of snuff, or a bottle of wine with any body, or I will amuse an old maid or an idler, by recounting, like Othello, the perils which I have braved; and if nothing like this occurs, I shall retire at five, to a cheap eating-house, take a pint of malt liquor, and read over a dozen newspapers, ere I retreat to my humble lodging to write dozens of letters on speculation and to go early to bed." Such are the Scotsman's habits: they are simple, honest, sober, and not dangerous to himself or to society.

In front of this tall, thin, recumbent figure, was a fine looking Scottish soldier. Such I knew him to be, by his physiognomy and by his accent. He wore his uniform, but had a round hat on his head, and a thick stick under his arm. These are invariable marks of discharge, and of bending the weary way homewards.

The officer pulled out a thin pocket-book, and taking out a bank note from it, he worked it about in his hands, as if he fain would have increased its weight, or as if its

lightness vexed him. He looked thrice at it, as on a departing friend, then rumpled it, and, at last, put it into the soldier's hand, and heaving a sigh, said —— "Chairlie, I wish ye weel; tak care o'yoursel; there's what I owe ye; and I wish, man, that it were mair." The soldier held back. His half extended hand dropped, as it tried to take it. He hung his head, played with his fingers, as if unwilling to receive it; and at length he took it gently, played with it as if it were not his own, eyed it, frowned upon it, and, at last, slowly put it in his pocket.

"Many thanks to ye, sir," cried he, and still remained immoveable. "Ye're o'er guid," answered he, after a long pause. "Thanks to *you*," replied the officer with a faultering voice. "Heaven bless ye, sir," faintly articulated the soldier. He still stood, put his hand in his pocket, as if to return the money, sighed, shook his head. "Fare ye weel, Chairlie," was hastily pronounced again. Chairlie was motionless. "Gang awa mun, now," cried the officer.

Chairlie put his hand to his hat, as if it had been a cap, stood in a fine soldierly attitude, faced, wept, and slowly paced off. ——" Chairlie," cried the officer. He returned. " Guid luck to ye." He extended his hand to him. The man seized it eagerly, and went proudly, tearfully, and regretfully away.

I now understood what had passed : 'twas an officer bidding his last farewell to a faithful soldier. During the " pomp and circumstance of war," discipline forbade familiarity ; but at a last parting, nature was commanding officer, and pride obeyed. Esteem drew the two brethren in arms nearer together ; and sympathy would not permit the superior to part from his humble deserving comrade, without this last token of well earned affection.

Curiosity induced me to follow the soldier and to fall into conversation with him. " You seem affected at parting with your officer," said I, to the private. " 'Tis the blackest day o' my life," replied he. " A' the dangers, and hunger, and cauld, and

hard fighting, was naething to this, he was a right guid officer, as kind a maister as ever lived, and as brave a man as ever marched. Seven years we shared the same fate together, slept sometimes in the same bed, that is, on our mither earth, and Heaven for a' curtain; and now to think that his honour cannae afford to keep a man, (here he passed his hand over his eyes) and that we maun pairt! I wish Boney were let loose again! I believe it was his last note that he gae me; would I had ne'er seen it! I wad sarve him for naething by day and by night, gin he wad keep me. But then he's o'er prood for that; and I dare na affront him. D'eil tak the peace, though I did get a bit of a wound in battle."

The man's fidelity so pleased me, that I offered him a shilling to drink. I was ashamed of it afterwards although my motive was good at the time; for Chairlie was so full of love for his master, and of soldierly pride, that there was no room in his heart for any other feeling, no place in his mind for the intrusion even of interest.—

"Thanks to you, sir," said he; "I dinna want; but I wish my maister were better off; there's an unco difference atween him and me." Here he shed tears abundantly; and as I could not relieve him in any way, I wished him well and left him.

I returned down the Mall again: the Scottish officer was there, attempting to whistle, and to beat time on his boot. But there was no mirth in his tune. He struck his boot, not sportively, but out of temper, and sorrow was fully depicted in every line of his features.

Such was the story told me by Captain S——. It affected me, and I thought it worthy of a place in the portfolio of

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No. LXXXVII.

PRINCIPLES AND NO PRINCIPLES.

"But if they then have learn'd such ill,
Such forced fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still."

DONNE.

PRINCIPLES AND NO PRINCIPLES.

"THE world has come to such a pass," said the old knight, as he was reading half a dozen morning papers, at breakfast, "that vice and virtue are only known by their name; or rather that success makes the villain white, whilst adversity so blackens virtue, that every one turns his back upon her. To what purpose has a man been strictly conscientious in his dealings, if failure attend his undertakings? or what reward does fidelity meet with in a beautiful woman, who is either left to the wide world without fortune, or abandoned by a reprobate husband? She will find plenty to reward any dereliction of duty and ho-

paying her perfumer's bill; no, nor of napkins, sheets, and table-cloths never worn out, swelling into Cashmere shawls, nor of Miss Jemima Caroline's getting a parasol and a retecule out of dishclouts and rubbers.

"My valet, too, dressed so like a puppy, that I was obliged to part with him, informing him that as I could only afford to keep one gentleman, I thought proper to give myself the preference; and, since he is gone, I find that he has had a host of debts brought against him, which, in a little time, I should have had the unperceived honour of paying; not to mention the felicity of keeping his wife, who lets ready furnished lodgings, and who, I am told, drinks her wine, and tastes all the rarities of the season every day.

"No wonder, however," continued he, "that these irregularities should be committed in low life, when in the higher circles, all is dishonesty and depravity. No wonder that footmen should wish to be gentlemen, when noblemen and gentlemen descend to the occupations, to the vices, and to the

frauds, which would dishonour the very dregs of the people,—when a man well born, can turn notorious cheat at cards or dice, can swindle the public by his selfish and clumsy speculations, can turn horse-dealer, procurer to an usurer, or keep a gaming house, or a dinner shop for robbing idiots of their money, under the pretence of passing the time by a little private play.

"By the bye, as I went into a chandler's shop a day or two ago, to change a five pound note in order to pay the fare of a hackney coach, I heard the sound of a mandoline. The woman of the shop was a dirty hump-backed wretch: but, calling her daughter, Josephine, I beheld a thing all pretensions in a cambric camisole, bordered with point lace, and twisting her locks into papilottes, with about a quire of brown paper; a French shawl thrown over her shoulders, silk stockings, and rose-coloured satin shoes. "Give the gentleman change," said her mother, with a triumphant air, and proud of the opportunity of showing her. "*Je n'en ai point*," replied the lump of

affectation, shrugging up her shoulders like a wet hen, or as she thought, *à la Française.* Then diving down her bosom for a gold spangled purse, " *Ah ! que oui !* " exclaimed she, I can, (with a most affected curtsy) oblige the gentleman. " Yes, thought I, you look very like one who would oblige any gentleman."

" Making, however, my best bow, I enquired how she came to speak French so well." " Vy," says her mother, who could contain her gratification no longer, at witnessing the affectation of her child, " I has but *vun* daughter, and I vishes to make a vuman on her." " Very kind of you," said I ; " I dare say she will second your endeavour." " She has all sorts of masters." " I'm very glad that I am not one of them," thought I to myself. " They spares no pains upon her," continued the chandler-shop woman ; " and I spares no money, (here I looked at my change, and returned three bad shillings) " because I wishes her to be above myself." " Don't fear that," replied I ; " but where did she

pick up all these accomplishments?"—"Oh! she's just come from Bulling (Boulogne) over the vater; it's a monstracious hadvantage —— the peace; it felicitates (facilitates) folks in breeding their children comba foe, as my Josephine calls it, and ——." Here Miss Josephine put her hand on her mother's lips, crying "*de grâce, Ma—mon*, I am sure the gentleman don't want this *exposé of our affaires de famille.*"

"Here a fellow relieved me from the mother and daughter, by asking for a pen'orth of backy, which drove Miss from the counter. "A foinish gal you kips thore," cried he. "Fellor, that's my daughter," cried the incensed mamon; and refused to serve him. "Very well," said the fellow, quitting the door, "its time for you to shut up shop, since you can dress up such rubbidge as that ere."

Just as Sir Roderic concluded his observations on the confusion of ranks, expressing that he would sooner vote for a non-intercourse bill, than see the money of old England spent abroad, and the lower orders

thus put above themselves, and converted into foreign wares, the servant announced Colonel Dangle, a friend of the family. "There," cried Sir Roderic, "there again is a fellow who calls seduction, a little indiscretion, —— debt, a juvenile error, —— gaming, an unfortunate passion, ——female infidelity, an unlucky *penchant*, —— dishonesty and drunkenness, over indulgence in festivity."

"Well, Colonel," cried he, addressing himself to Dangle, "when did you see my rascal of a nephew, who dishonours the name of the old Commodore, his late father, by his follies and extravagance?" "Why," replied the Colonel in a female tone, "I was just come to intercede for him with you, as he is in a little scrape." "In prison, I suppose," replied the knight.— "Well, he will make a good fixture there; he is no bad Adonis for a niche in the King's Bench, or in the Fleet Prison; but I'll give him not a farthing."

"Oh!" resumed the Colonel, "it is not exactly money that he wants; his difficulties

(adjusting his cravat) are of another nature." "What," angrily answered the knight, "is he to be hanged? for I think you yourself are in the way of strangulation." "He wants," lisped the Colonel, "your advice; and first, that you should procure him leave of absence, and next, empower your banker to cash a bill for a thousand pounds, which he has won of Sir Jerry Goldfinch. He is obliged to go abroad, having had an affair of honor with a Lieutenant in the Navy, for a trifling affair of gallantry with his sister. The young man would fire at him twice; and, in returning the second fire (the first he would not — very honourable, you'll allow Sir Roderic), the Lieutenant" (here he paused and took a pinch of snuff, then smiling resumed) "has got a little scratch."

Sir Roderic rose up in a rage. "Sir," said he, "in plain English, my nephew has seduced an honest man's daughter, whereby he is a villain; he has plundered a foolish friend at play, whereby he is a robber; he has stood a shot in a bad cause, which shews

him to be a madman; and he has shot the brother of his victim, which makes him a murderer. All your fashionable refinements are of no avail with me; and my advice, or rather my commands, are as follow: —— "Let him marry the girl." The Colonel looked amazed. "Let him return the money which he has won at play." The Colonel shook his head. "Let him pay all his debts; and let him surrender himself to take his trial. If not, he may want money, he may be apprehended, he may be hanged afterwards, and should he escape the rope, I will cut him off with a shilling, as my estate is not entailed."

The last part of the charge made the deepest impression. The Colonel promised to convey the advice. The young Lieutenant did well; —— the orders were obeyed; —— Sir Roderic opened his purse strings at the wedding, and his brother, the Lieutenant, communicated the whole affair to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N°. LXXXVIII.

SHARP SET,

OR A DINNER PARTY AT THE WEST END OF THE TOWN.

" Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;
Young without lovers; old without a friend."

POPE.

SHARP SET,

OR A DINNER PARTY AT THE WEST END OF THE TOWN.

The invitation card bore half-past six as the hour of dinner; and as I knew Lady M— to be very exact, I arrived there before seven. Some of our ultra fashionables, including Colonel —— of the Guards, came at speed about half-past seven. The room was now full. Lady M— was evidently disturbed; and there was still no appearance of dinner.

Just about this juncture, Lady M— gave Lady G— a hint, that she had lost eight guinea points to her at whist the week before at Lady Newfangle's card party. Her Ladyship, much agitated, fumbled out the eight sovereigns, and gave them to Lady

M— with an air of displeasure. "I beg your Ladyship's pardon," said Lady M— "but my recollection is so treacherous, and I have so many little debts of this kind owing to me, that I took this liberty in order to have it off my memory, for I am convinced that it had slipped yours; I am sure I should thank any one to remind me in the same way, as these little things will escape notice." Lady G— flirted her fan, and nodded her head in assent, smiling insincerely, or rather smiling dislike and stifled anger. Now the fact is, that Lady M— never lets these things slip her memory; no one is keener at play; nor does she consider eight guineas as a trifle, but *n'importe.*

In a few minutes afterwards, she rang the bell violently; and, on her butler's entering the room, she said, in an angry tone, "Pray does the cook recollect the hour, or is dinner put off till to-morrow?" This caused a smile; 'twas what she wished. "I'll go and see, my Lady," replied a very old butler who had lived with her late hus-

band; his air, at the same time denoting coolness and surprise. In five minutes afterwards, her Ladyship left the room, saying, "I will lay my life that some accident has happened; the turbot has either fallen to pieces, or they have broken something; all, I am sure, is not right; but I will see with my own eyes our disaster, and my kind friends will put up with whatever may remain, and accept of hearty welcome for splendid cheer." Every one said yes; the Colonel observing, any thing before nine o'clock (it was now eight) in preference to waiting longer.

Lady M— returned, "Just as I said; the skullion has broken the turbot to pieces, in taking it off the fire for the cook, and cook wanted to send for another, which is actually done; unless (bowing round) you are all so tired of waiting that you would prefer dining without fish, however barbarous, to remaining here until it is dressed." All agreed to the waiting no longer, and we descended the staircase to dinner.

Barring the want of fish, and the turtle

soup's being neither hot nor cold, the dinner was very elegant, and passed off extremely well. The lady was not, however, very rash in calling for champagne; and, although there were five other kinds of wine, none of them were good in their quality. The burgundy was vinegar, the claret was corked, the madeira was as hot as if it had been mulled; but her intentions were equally good, and we attributed the badness of the wine to the neglect of the old butler. Two or three times she ordered him to change a bottle; he raised up his eyebrows as if in surprise, and always brought the same quality. She talked largely of leaving her wine-merchant, which Lord Caustic (of whom more will be heard) earnestly recommended.

At length the ladies withdrew; and, as they left the room, our hostess beckoned young Scapegrace (a fashionable ruffian) to speak to her, which he did. All I heard of their conversation was, "Certainly, with a great deal of pleasure; pray don't mention it. I'll send directly."

About midnight, when we ascended to cards, a table of quinze was proposed. Lady M—— played deep; but she lost every stake. She borrowed money of all around her; and must have been considerably out of pocket by the night. We parted about two, *sans souper*, and returned home; all of opinion that the entertainment went off rather flat, although Lady M—— affected good spirits, and did all in her power to make us comfortable.

The next day, as my cousin and I were riding in the Park, we met Lord Caustic, who thus began: "I am afraid poor Lady M—— is going to the devil. My lawyer has five actions against her. Not a person visits her, or dined at her house yesterday to whom she is not in debt." I interrupted him, with "except myself." "So much the better," continued he, "for she never pays. Did you mark yesterday her attack upon Lady G—— for the eight sovereigns?"—"I did."—"Well, I am certain that that sum paid for a part of our dinner; for, as my chariot drove up, I heard an altercation

betwixt a porter with a tray and her footman, and saw the tray with Brunet's name on it carried back. The eight pieces, doubtless, recovered it; and the soup, as you know, was almost cold. The fishmonger, I presume, had disappointed her in not trusting her, otherwise she would have managed to get some from the tavern; and the wine was execrable, because her wine-merchant, not having been settled with these five years, sends her the refuse of his cellar. When she called your young friend out, it was to borrow a hamper of his claret. It came after a long pause, and very good it was; but, previous to this, all ringing of bells was useless, and her servants seem to serve *comme par charité*. It is all up with the good lady; and I am sure that she cannot stand it for a week."

"I am very sorry for it," observed my cousin. Not at all, replied Lord Caustic. She should not live in a style above her income, nor ask people to dinner when she cannot keep up even appearances. A confounded fool! She has but a thousand per

annum of jointure; and she has always been living at the rate of four for these five years past, in hopes of good luck at play, or in a more uncertain game, wedlock to wit." Here he dropped his rein, took a pinch of snuff, brushed the remains of it with a silk handkerchief off his Arabian's neck, and looked at us *d'un air goguenard*, and as if he thought himself both witty and severe.

"Did you not observe," resumed he, "how motly the plate was? half borrowed and half her own; and two of her servants are fellows out of place, and were evidently not at home in their attendance." — "I never," replied my cousin, looking grave, "make any remarks on entertainments given with kindness and hospitality, and particularly by a lady; I pass over all their defects." — "Pooh! stuff!" coolly replied the Peer. "Vastly benevolent, my good Sir; but quite ultramontane (here he leaned forward, and played with his horse's ears). I would put up with a bad dinner as soon as any man; but I cannot bear to see such presumption in people who live

upon their acquaintance. I don't know what will become of her at last."

Here I changed the subject; for I considered it as nothing short of base, thus to expose a female, by whom he had been treated to the very best of her ability only the day before. It is most true that, "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." How often we see self-devoted victims keeping open house for their acquaintance, who, after making a mere coffee-house of their hospitable roof, are not content with devouring their profuse entertainments, but barbarously and inhumanly cut up the donor.

Of this class is Lord Caustic. A complete pest to society, a mildew to reputation, a blight to fair fame, his breath is pestiferous; there is no sirocco wind worse. His prognostication, however, respecting our hostess's fate was but too true. Her credit is all over; and the storm has burst upon her head.

I see her fine house shut up, with a ticket on it "to let;" and I am informed, that she

escaped in an open boat to the coast of France, after pretending to make a trip to Brighton, close followed by the followers of the law, condemned by all, and pitied by none, except

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